

Vol. XIII--No. 14

PRICE 5 CENTS

THURSDAY
May 14, 1903

THE MIRROR

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The Mirror

VOL. XIII—No. 14

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1903.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

The Mirror

Published every Thursday at

N. W. COR. 10TH AND PINE STS.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, A 24.

Terms of subscription to The Mirror, including postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$3.50 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

News Dealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company, or any of its branches.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order, or Registered Letter, Payable to The Mirror, St. Louis.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," The Mirror.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

FOR SALE IN EUROPE AT

London	Anglo-American Exchange, 3 Northumberland Ave.
Munich	Zeitungs-Pavillon am Karlsplatz
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Venice	Zanco, Ascensione
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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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REFLECTIONS

Outside Critics

IT is not worth while answering all the priggish critics who are now pouring the vials of their uncharitable criticisms upon the fair and innocent head of our city. The best way to silence them and to prevent a materialization of their lugubrious Jeremiads is to buckle down to work and to put the great enterprise in the perfect shape it should be, on May 1st, 1904. At the same time, however, it may be well to investigate the charges of extortion which have been preferred by various prominent men who cannot be suspected of having wilfully misrepresented or exaggerated their St. Louis experiences. It was just such outrageous bleeding of visitors which ruined the exposition at Buffalo in 1901.

Post-Office Corruption

It is reported that Postmaster General Payne is "laughing" at some of the charges of corruption in his department. If that is really so, he makes a big mistake. There is nothing laughable in the scandalous disclosures. They are disgusting in the extreme. It is almost inconceivable that all this grafting and selling of patronage could go on without the guilty connivance of some of the higher officials. President Roosevelt will make a mistake by not insisting upon a most thorough and strictly impartial investigation. It is a great National scandal that he is confronted with. Off-hand, deprecatory talk will not do. The people are convinced that there has been wrong-doing on an appalling scale, and demand that the culprits, big and little, be placed in the pillory. Enough has leaked out to prove that the Government has been held up in all sorts of ways. Contracts were entered into which enabled certain favored parties to rob tax-payers of many thousands of dollars. The Government was shamelessly overcharged in the purchase of typewriters, rubber-stamps, registering time-clocks, mail-boxes, mail-bags, penholders and many other articles. The rules of the department were violated in the most culpable and flagrant manner. An awful amount of official and administrative and political rottenness has already been brought to light. It is altogether too late for Mr. Payne to try to laugh down the proofs of corruption. If he is the honest official that he is supposed to be, he must recognize that it is his duty to see that every malefactor is given his deserts. The people want the right sort of investigation, and no shielding and burking.

Divorce Suits

RECENT opinions of the United States Supreme Court have made it imperative that something be done to bring system into the bewildering chaos of divorce legislation. As matters now stand, it is hard to determine whether any State court can be compelled to give full faith and credit to any divorce decision rendered by the court of another State. In one case, the Federal Supreme Court practically held that a divorce obtained under the laws of North Dakota cannot be considered binding in New York. While the determining factor in the case was fraudulent intent on the part of the plaintiff, the language of the decision was so sweeping that it must properly be regarded as impairing the validity of every other decree handed down by North Dakota courts in suits instituted by parties whose actual, legal domicile was in another State, and

who only acquired a temporary residence in order to comply with the extremely elastic requirements of the North Dakota laws. It would seem that there is only one way to prevent further conflict between State laws and decisions, and that is to codify all State divorce laws and decrees. Considering the astonishing multiplication of divorces, all plans of further makeshifts and fruitless quibbles about State rights should be dropped. The subject of divorce is not a trivial one. It must ever be of vital interest to all to whom the sanctity of family life is not a mere myth and who rightly hold that uncertainty and constant change in divorce legislation are productive of multifarious and scandalous abuses and strike at the very foundations of civilized human society. All laws must be certain, and divorce laws more so than any other. They should be worded in such a manner as to minimize the possibility of all misunderstanding or misinterpretation.

Still Marching On

IF President Roosevelt, Senator Allison and Governor Cummins have decided to make the "Iowa idea" the basis of their tariff plank in 1904, they have done well. And they will do still better by sticking to it. Tariff revision promises to play an important rôle in next year's campaign. Extreme protectionists are working overtime trying to smother it, but they are fighting a losing fight. Like *Banquo's* ghost, the demand for revision will not down. It grows more insistent and more imperious every day. The "Iowa idea" will be the "American idea" by and by. The Republican party can no longer afford to "stand pat."

Hurtful Strikes

THESE many strikes do not augur well for prosperity. They tend to unsettle business conditions. They create a feeling of disquietude among those who have invested capital with a view to a fair return. They denote the existence of a spirit of restive dissatisfaction where it was thought contentment reigned supreme. Strikes, as a rule, never have aught but bad effects. This was strikingly shown a few years ago, when all the industries and even the foreign trade of Great Britain were adversely affected by the protracted lock-out of engineers. The right to strike is a doubtful one. It is too susceptible of abuse. The workingman should be very careful in exercising it. The record of strikes is one of suffering and disaster, for the participants as well as for the people in general. In these days of a most complex and delicate economic machinery, the strike is worse than the disease which it aims to cure.

The Parliamentary Joke

THE deceased wife's sister bill has passed its second reading in the House of Commons. And that is, it seems, as far as it will get during the present session. For many years, this bill, in some form or other, has been the standing annual joke in the British parliament. At times, it was very close to becoming a law. In 1894, for instance, it passed the House of Commons, but was rejected in the House of Lords, where the vote on it was very close—120 to 129. It is said that King Edward is strongly favoring the passage of the bill. It is puzzling to anybody but an Englishman why there should be such a pother about a thing of this kind. In no other Christian country are marriages with a deceased wife's sister prohibited. History tells us that it was a bit of special legislation which caused

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the enactment of the English law prohibiting such unions. The bill which is now pending in the Commons has been endorsed by seventy-five thousand women of Birmingham. On what grounds it received this endorsement, is not stated. Perhaps women consider their brothers-in-law the most desirable catches. Statistics prove that marriages of the kind prohibited in England are not very frequent, and it is, therefore, all the more astonishing to see all this agitation and polemicizing over proposals to remove the prohibitory law in England. Verily, the English go to an infinite amount of trouble about trifles.



A New Study

IN Ann Arbor University they have taken to giving lessons in the art of wooing. The professor who invented this idea should be given the blue ribbon for freakish hyperideation. Wonder what sort of men and women he has for scholars! They must be splendid material for students in pathology. Darwinists would, no doubt, class them among those not fit to survive. The man or woman who does not know how to make love must be hopelessly imbecile and permanently incompetent.



Colombian Double-Dealing

COLOMBIA is surprisingly slow about ratifying that Panama Canal treaty. It looks very much as if secret intriguers were at work and leaving nothing undone to prevent ratification. That many Colombian officials of high rank are opposed to the treaty can no longer be doubted. It is partly due to this clash of opinions and interests that President Marroquin has resigned his office. However, Americans will do no worrying over this matter. The United States Government will not brook any Latin methods of duplicity, prevarication and procrastination. The treaty is a plain business proposition. There is no international politics in it, at least not for the present. The Colombians will have to get a hustle on themselves and ratify the treaty. If they keep on intriguing and indulging in grandiloquent talk of the sovereign rights of their 'teenth rate republic, we will do the next best thing and begin making ditches along the Nicaragua route. The canal will and must be built, ratification or no ratification. It is a condition and not a theory that confronts Colombia.



Wall Street's Idea

THAT banking and currency reform is urgently needed will be admitted by everybody who is at all conversant with financial conditions. There is room for honest difference of opinion, however, as to what sort of reform-legislation should be had. At the present time, it is Wall street that appears to have the most say in the preparation of bills to be submitted to Congress in December. Wall street wants currency legislation that will safeguard its own interests more than those of the country. Wall street demands an inflation of the currency rather than reform along the right lines. It would like to see a law passed that will add liberally to bank-note circulation. The stock-jobbers want reform that will facilitate booms on the stock-exchange and the selling of a huge mass of what Morgan calls "undigested" securities. They are anxious for a specious makeshift only, for temporary purposes of their own. Their idea of currency reform is based on, and determined by, portentous speculative conditions brought about by overcapitalization. There is a trust capitalization in this country of almost \$14,000,000,000, more than fifty per cent of which is wind and water. It is this which causes the frantic Wall street demands for currency legislation. A huge bank-note expansion is the only thing that will enable trust-promoting syndicates to get rid of their worthless stuff. Recognition of this was, perhaps, responsible

for the indifference displayed by Congress during the late session to the raucous appeals for monetary legislation. Legitimate business is not in need of currency inflation. There is plenty of money to go round in all sections of the country, except in Wall street, where a tremendous mass of unsold stocks and bonds is carried with borrowed money. But for insensate, dishonest stock-jobbing, there never would have been such an alarming recurrency of money flurries as the country witnessed in the last few years. It is an elastic, and not an inflated currency, that we need. The present system is irresponsible to legitimate trade demands. It fails to expand and to contract at the right time. To cure this defect should be the principal aim of Congressional legislation. To act precipitatedly, and chiefly for the purpose of adding immensely to note-circulation, would only make matters worse. In the ultimate analysis, bank-note inflation is just as dangerous as depreciated coin. The greater the inflation, the more calamitous and cataclysmic the subsequent crash.



Literary Art

A RUSSIAN critic is quoted as saying that all great authors write badly, and that they sacrifice form for substance. This is an assertion which cannot be verified. Every literary genius has been master of form. In fact, it has always been the test of literary greatness to clothe substance in the most impressive and most distinctive form. Each great writer has his own formula. Virgil had his, so had Shakespeare, so had Flaubert, so had Pater. The notable literary passages derive their power and beauty from just the form in which they are put down. The writer who knows no form, or disregards it wilfully, can never be regarded as an artist. As long as the thought is not embodied in some individual form or other, we cannot speak of art. And the more individual and the more striking the embodiment, the greater the genius of the artist-creator. There is the perfect artistry of form in the tiny wing of the butterfly, as there is in the noble passages of Tennyson's "In Memoriam."



Royal Wages

It is said that King Edward intends to ask for an increase in wages. He thinks his royal services are worth at least \$2,500,000 a year. Perhaps the rise in commodity prices has proved an unusual strain upon his *porte-monnaie*. May be, also, the huge success of his Transvaal loan has given him the idea that money is more than ordinarily plentiful in his dominions. Edward is a nice sort of a king, and has been doing some fine political drumming of late, but it is questionable whether he is worth one-third as much to England as American Presidents are to their country. If government salaries in Washington were on a monarchical basis, President Roosevelt would be drawing \$5,000,000 a year, and be worth every cent of it.



A Queer Decision

THERE is no such thing as a right of privacy, says the New York Court of Appeals. "It does not exist in law, and is not enforceable in equity." According to this a man or woman's photograph can legally be used for any and all advertising purposes, as long as it is not of a libelous nature. There is no legal means to prevent, or to seek redress for such use of it. An individual's face is public property and may be used for public purposes. It may be made to adorn any old soap or breakfast food advertisement. The ruling of the New York court may be good law, but will never be regarded as good sense. If the judges really thought there was no right of privacy, it would have been an easy matter for them to establish it. They could have made a precedent. Ordinary thinking should have

made it clear to them that the individual has at least a natural right to consider his or her face private property, and that this right must be protected against humiliating or scandalizing abuse by anybody that may happen along. The modern invasion of privacy is entering phases that cannot be tolerated, and it is the duty of courts to check or extirpate some of the more flagrant abuses. It is such a facile trick for them to stretch constitutions that statute-stretching should not present any particular difficulties.



Looking Forward

ACCORDING to a dispatch from Derby, Conn., union workmen there refused to drive a hearse because the coffin was non-union. This deserves to be regarded as the most *outré* result of fanatical unionism that has yet been recorded. Is it possible that, in time, a dead man will be deprived of the luxury of a burial, in case he, during his lifetime, refused to belong to, or to patronize, a labor union? We are already afflicted with union gravediggers. After awhile there will be union flowers, union sermons, union tears, union tombstones and union prayers. It is a good thing, after all, that the hereafter is beyond our earthly grasp, and thus not susceptible to unionizing influences.



The Transvaal Loan

IN order to promote the upbuilding of the Transvaal, the British government is about to issue \$175,000,000 guaranteed three per cent bonds. Judging by late dispatches, the new loan promises to be a great success. A substantial amount of it will be taken by French and German investors. It seems that the Chancellor of the Exchequer put the rate at three per cent mainly for the purpose of attracting foreign capital. He considered it unwise to submit British money markets to an excessive strain at the present time. After the new bonds have been disposed of, British consols are expected to advance from their prevailing quotations. The reduction in the income tax, and renewed purchases for the sinking fund, are regarded as factors likely to stimulate demand. It will be remembered that sinking fund purchases were suspended some time ago, when the financial requirements of the South African war made such action necessary. Mr. Chamberlain has lately made some very optimistic predictions as to the future of the South African colonies. Perhaps he had to do this to make the new bonds a more tempting proposition to capitalists. Very little American money will be invested in the Transvaal securities. The United States cannot afford to employ its funds abroad at the present time. About two years ago, New York financial interests took quite a large block of British consols, but they let go early in 1902, when peace reports caused a rise in the securities to about 98. This indisposition of American investors to hang on to their purchases created a bad impression, at the time, among London's *haute finance* and also in government circles. If it had not been for American liquidation, British consols would, probably, never have touched the extremely low level of 90, which has since been established. To avoid another dose of the ill effects of such speculative buying and selling, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer most sagaciously refrained from inviting American capital to a participation in the new loan. Perhaps he had been assured that there was no need of an appeal to American assistance. The new loan of \$175,000,000 will swell the total borrowings on account of South Africa to about \$1,000,000,000. The patriotic Englishman will not mind this, however, now that the "blooming" war is over. He thinks his country has the money, and got its money's worth after a three years' tussle with "Oom" Paul's men. One cannot own an empire and refuse

to spend money on an imperial scale. True, the national debt of Great Britain aggregates, approximately, five billions of dollars, and the end of expenditures is not yet in sight. But what of it? Is not everybody borrowing nowadays? The British have the same feeling regarding their huge national debt that they used to have regarding the Boer war: We will "muddle through somehow."



A Symphony in Colors

THERE is at present a collection of paintings on exhibition at Noonan & Kocian's temple of art than which I have seldom, if ever, seen anything more impressive. It is a great treat for admirers of Cazin, Corot, Jacque, Van Marcke, Ziem, Schreyer, Harpignies, Diaz, Henner, Millet, Daubigny and Rousseau. Henner is represented by two of his most characteristic, subjective paintings. There is true art in this collection. The paintings reflect all the moods of the restive modern *Zeitgeist*. There is dreaming melancholy, charming bizarrerie, pensive objectivity and Mæterlinckian mysticism. The collection is a Beethoven symphony, a Chopin Nocturne and a Liszt Rhapsody in an exquisite combination of colors.



Overcrowding in Professions

It is estimated that our medical colleges are every year turning out two thousand more young physicians than there is need for. At the present time, there is an average of one physician to six hundred of the population. Like the legal, the medical profession is badly overcrowded. In many States, diplomas are too easily obtained. There is no proper theoretical and practical training. Many a medical college pays attention to the quantity rather than the quality of its students and graduates. Its management values business profits more than it should. It subordinates science to the exigencies of competition. The various notable exceptions only emphasize the deplorable and degrading inferiority of training obtainable in schools where a diploma is regarded as so much merchandise. As long as present conditions are permitted to prevail, the medical profession is bound to suffer in standing. There are doctors running at large in this country, who lack in the most fundamental requirements of their profession. Overcrowding leads to deterioration in professional quality. This has become so evident that it requires no elaborate proof. There are altogether too many quack doctors, too many bum lawyers and too many mere "business-ministers" for the good of these honorable professions.



Profit-Sharing

IN his address lately delivered at the London Iron and Steel institute, Mr. Andrew Carnegie re-emphasized his faith in profit-sharing as a factor likely to make for peace in the industrial world. He took occasion warmly to commend the management of the United States Steel Corporation for having given its workmen opportunity to become shareholders. Mr. Carnegie is undoubtedly sincere in his advocacy of profit-sharing, and in his desire to promote industrial peace and prosperity. It would seem, however, that he pins entirely too much hope onto one economic theory. Profit-sharing alone will not cut all Gordian knots in the economic field. From a "doctrinaire" standpoint, it looks attractive. When put in practice, however, it does not work as well as it should. When the United States Steel Corporation decided to offer the right to subscribe to stock on what were then favorable terms, there was a great ado over its action, and the opinion was expressed by shallow-minded theorizers that the steel trust had discovered the direct path to industrial salvation. Many employes availed themselves of the glittering proposition and subscribed

to the seven per cent preferred stock, each one according to his means. Since then, however, there has occurred a sharp decline in the value of the shares, and the workingman who took his stock at the subscription price has now occasion to figure out a loss, instead of a profit, on his investment. Mr. Carnegie failed to mention this. Perhaps he did not consider it worth mentioning. The loss of fifty or a hundred dollars does not loom large in the eyes of a man whose only purpose in life, at present, is to get rid of his wealth. It is quite an important matter, however, to a workingman who is differently situated than Mr. Carnegie, and who is anxious to acquire a competency for himself and family. It is all right for the employé to become a partner, when the enterprise is honestly capitalized and honestly managed. But he should consider several times before putting his savings into a concern the capital of which is enormously inflated. The workingman who subscribes to United States Steel Corporation preferred can have only a vague idea of the value of the stock. He is not an expert in matters of this kind. He knows little or nothing in regard to conditions or changes in the iron trade. Of what benefit is it to him to hold one thousand dollars worth of a stock that is constantly fluctuating and that may be worth only five hundred a few months hence? Mr. Carnegie should look at his theory from the standpoint of the workingman rather than from that of the millionaire capitalist. If he were to-day an ordinary employé of the steel trust, it is more than dubious that he, a shrewd and calculating Scotchman, would care to invest his money in the preferred stock. It is, indeed, somewhat paradoxical for him to advise the workingman to invest in an industry the path of which, to use his own words, "is strewn with financial loss in all countries."



A Good Man and Fine Official

MR. E. G. COWDREY, the new Vice-President and General Manager of the Laclede Gas Company, is the sort of man who may be relied upon to do the square thing at all times. He has made a splendid record for himself in Milwaukee, and will undoubtedly do still better in St. Louis. He is the best man that could have been selected for this important position. With him at the helm, there is every assurance that the business will be conducted in a manner satisfactory to customers as well as to the company. Mr. Cowdrey has progressive ideas, and a sufficient amount of energy and experience to put them into practical and successful form. His genial, whole-hearted manner will speedily gain him a host of friends, and his sincere anxiety to please customers, to know their wants and to redress their grievances are things that they will thoroughly appreciate. Mr. Cowdrey has been given a wide and promising field in this city for the exertion of his enterprise and ability. And that he will make good use of his opportunity admits of no doubt. He is the right man in the right place. Men of his type make for progressiveness and expansion in any municipality.



No Entangling Alliances

RUSSIA is said to be massing troops in Manchuria, in response to Japan's dispatching of warships to the Chinese coast. This makes it quite obvious that it intends to stay where it is, and that it will take something more than mere "bluffing" to induce it to evacuate the great Chinese province. Manchuria is most valuable territory—for Russia. It is just what the latter power needs to round out its Asiatic possessions. Russia cannot permanently be confined to Siberia and its arctic harbors. It is expanding southward, in Europe as well as in Asia. Mere diplomatic notes of protest will not prevent it from following its own

national policy. The Washington government will make a mistake by allowing itself to be drawn into Oriental complications on mere commercial grounds. It must not enter into any "entangling alliance" with Japan and Great Britain. The United States cannot afford to offend Russia, a nation whose future is teeming with great possibilities, merely for the sake of accommodating England, Russia's traditional enemy. There is as much warrant for the Czar's government to stay in Manchuria as there is for England to hang on to Egypt, which it hypocritically promised to evacuate years ago. Academically considered, Russia's Manchurian policy may be unmoral and, therefore, unjustifiable, but this alone should not induce us to invite the resentment of a power whose neighborly good-will may yet stand us in good stead in the prosecution of our Philippine adventure. If Russia has decided upon annexing Manchuria, it is, undoubtedly, willing to make all the concessions which the American government may deem it advisable to demand. But our interests in China, which are exclusively commercial, must not be identified with those of England and Japan, which are principally national. If the latter two powers consider themselves endangered by Russia designs in China, let them formulate and pursue their own plans. They are strong enough to attend to their own business.



A Chicago Idea

CHICAGO women aesthetes have included back-yard gardening in their programme. It is to be hoped that their efforts will meet with encouragement. Much can be done towards cultivating love of beautiful and clean surroundings by making it clear to the lower classes that there is almost as much opportunity to plant flowers and shrubs and to enjoy the modest luxury of a grass-plot in city back-yards as there is in suburban gardens. It costs very little to make improvements of this kind, and there are probably few house-owners to whom they would be in the least objectionable. Garden-plots in the yards of a city are a delight to the eye. They relieve the monotony of dreary brick-walls. They bring people back to nature. They make them appreciate the change of seasons and the glories of spring and summer. Love of nature, the cultivation of plants, make bad people good, and good people better. This back-yard idea is an excellent one. It should be taken up with zest in St. Louis. We cannot possibly have too much municipal improvement and beautification. St. Louis and Chicago should not be cities exclusively. They should have some of those touches of nature which cause people to feel their earthly origin and take delight in the odor of newly-turned soil and the germinating and growth of plants.



Protecting Birds

THE New York Audubon Society has gained a notable and encouraging success in its crusade against the indiscriminate slaughter of birds. It has concluded an agreement with the Millinery Merchants' Protective Association by which the latter pledges itself not to import, purchase or sell gulls, terns, grebes, hummingbirds and song-birds. The agreement is, of course, entirely voluntary, but, nevertheless, of binding character, and covers a period of three years. Audubon Societies everywhere should find encouragement in this news. It should convince them that their humane efforts are not altogether fruitless. They have met with many disappointments, and fought a long and weary battle against cruelty and greed and corruption. At times, it seemed a hopeless task to bring it home to the thoughtless public that it is both cruel and unprofitable to kill birds in a wanton spirit or for merely commercial purposes. But the work of the organizations is at last beginning to

meet with its rewards. One State after another is falling in line by passing more or less suitable or tentative legislation to protect American birds. Law-givers and the public in general begin to realize that birds are most useful servants in the household of Nature, that every one of them has his place and purpose. Even the crow and the hawk must be regarded as the farmer's and gardener's helpmate. Bird preservation is as vital a matter to the agricultural sections as are scientific forestry and irrigation. The bird is the natural enemy of insects, and, as such, entitled to all the protection that man can give him.



Unkind Days

THESE are soul-trying days for W. J. B. In addition to the acerbative political resurrection of Grover Cleveland, there are persistent rumors that Mexico will soon adopt the gold standard and demonetize silver. Senor Limantour, the Mexican Minister of Finance, is now in New York on business said to be connected with the coming monetary change. Well may W. J. B. apostrophize Mexico in the tragical words: *Et tu quoque, Brute?*



Economic Symptoms

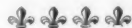
THREE railroad companies—the Wabash, St. Paul and Alton—have suspended part of their improvement and construction work, owing to the current high level of prices of material. Some of the officials intimate their anticipation of an approaching lowering of cost. "We believe," says President Ramsey, of the Wabash, "that we can get the same work done, in time, at a large saving in expenses." This is another sign of the times which thinking people will be careful to note and to ponder. That we have passed the crest of the prosperity wave becomes more evident every month. Everything is at a level which it is impossible permanently to maintain. A reaction is bound to come. It has already made its appearance in the iron market. The present industrial structure is not as sound and as strong as it looks. It has weak foundations. It bears a striking resemblance to a *château d'Espagne*. Those who erected it relied too much upon hopes that never were and never will be realized, upon theories which do not stand the test of human experience and elementary logic. When the results of the reaction have once begun to assert themselves, there will be a great many surprises and shocks. Undoubtedly, commodity prices will never be as low again as they were some years ago. Capital is nowadays so productive and abundant, and consumptive demand increasing so rapidly, that any violent reaction is out of the question. We must have an adjustment of some kind, however. Conditions require it. And after it has been completed, we will more than ever be in position to gain the commercial and industrial supremacy of the world.



Second-Rate Only

THE literary fame of Maxim Gorky still is in the ascendency. His psychological vagabond stories are all the rage in the highest literary circles. And yet most of them possess little intrinsic merit. Neither in substance, nor in form can they be at all compared to the writings of Dostoevski or Tourgeniev. Gorky's philosophy is crude. His notorious personal experiences have robbed him of what sense of perspective he may have originally possessed. He is embittered, morose, darkly angry. His mind, wonderful as it is, moves in a narrow path. It is not quite wide, or inclusive enough, to enable him to be the great novelist which his admirers call him. He is a poet, and he both sees and writes like a poet, but his luxuriantly romantic tendencies are unchecked by any feeling for classical ideals. He does not often transform terror

into the sublime. He more frequently shocks than he arouses pity. He ought to humble himself and read Longinus and Lessing, and so get hold of a few guiding principles of literary art. The best things in his books have so much individuality, charm and power, that, while fully convinced that he is only second-rate, one feels that he might be first-rate if—. But those *ifs* are always insuperable obstacles. Gorky will always be worth reading, but he will never be first-rate, never be anything but a brilliant *manqué*. He is dull and stodgy when dealing with men alone. The best that can be said of him is that he fundamentally understands women of the industrial class. He sees and portrays them beautifully, and clearly, without the self-conscious erudition of a de Maupassant or a Goethe.



A BAS THE BARD OF AVON

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

AT the meeting of the Chicago Public School Principals' Association, last Friday, Professor William E. Watt rose up and utterly condemned the wit, the morals, the wisdom and the art of one William Shakespeare. He said that no student should be encouraged to read such "stuff," that the so-called master was "over-rated," that he was behind the times; that he was a bad punster, vulgar, illiterate, immoral and incorrect both as to form and matter. Mr. Watt suggested that the modern student be pastured in modern fields, and that Shakespeare be relegated to the worn-out region of bad spelling, bad puns, loose morals and obsolete forms.

It does not matter who is Watt.

He only expresses in audacious words what has long been the practice of the teachers in school and church, who, knowing nothing of substance, dwell forever upon forms. He is but one of a myriad of preachers and pedagogues who believe that an inane platitude well-spelled and prettily written is better than the mighty thought which is the soul of deeds and the secret of all wisdom.

"I believe that Shakespeare is vastly over-rated," quoth Watt.

In a spelling-bee there can be no doubt that William Dean Howells or even Ella Wheeler Wilcox would put William Shakespeare to shame, and it is by such standards that Watt would measure the master. Weber and Fields' jokes are certainly more up-to-date, and when it comes to morals, Ralph Connor has the Bard of Avon beaten both ways from the Jack. Instead of the "Comedy of Errors," Watt would doubtless prefer Ezra Kendall's "Gravy," or "Sis Hopkins—Her Book," as being both modern and moral.

Most School teachers are like Watt. They are so engrossed in rules and formulas, so awed by the sheer mechanism of their work that they forget its purpose and miss its potentialities. They do not know that a noble thought mis-spelled or mispronounced is far better worthy of the memory, than drivel done into faultless English.

More fine penmanship has gone into the editor's waste-basket than ever found its way to a delighted printer. The hired man at the linotype can spell better than you can, but he sneers himself sick when he has to set literary hog-wash. Most school-teaching is an effort to show the young "how to do" with never a thought of "what to do." It is all method and no meaning; all manner and no motive.

You shall spell words thus!

But what shall I say in words?

Whatever you know?

That's it! What do you know when you have learned to spell correctly, to write copper-plate, to calculate accurately? You probably know little or nothing about anything "that matters." But the school-teacher doesn't care. Probably he knows as little as you. But it is not his business to know. It is to teach methods without regard to meanings. He

is the boss Marionette—the *Punch* of pedagogical puppetry—and you are *Judy* and the baby. He whops you on the head, squeaks rules and orders at you and throws you out of the graduation window. He has taught you "how," but not "what" to do.

The churches are much like the schools. The bell rings and you bow your head. A candle is lighted and you beat your breast. The Cathedral is a palace of marble and gold and jasper. The bishop's tunic is of linen and lace and his vestments weighty with precious metals and gems, each worth the life of the pagan who dug them.

And there are hungry women and children 'round the corner, to whom the light of a candle is the bale-light of a coffin and to whom every bell is a knell. Christ died for them, but they cannot eat prayer-books, nor stay their bellies with a weekly wafer of unleavened bread. The church is teaching them "how" to do, but never a word of "what" to do. It is easy to preach to a famished man, but at last he must go forth and loot a bakery. The boy who has learned his catechism may go home and break his mother's heart.

I had a schoolmate who wrote all the prize essays. He is now "librettist" for the filthiest leg-show in the United States. He knew "how," but not "what" to write. He spells better than Shakespeare and his jokes are right off the bat; quite up to the Watt idea! I saw a man hanged in New Mexico for murdering his best friend. He recited the Lord's prayer and an act of contrition, and when he was buried, his friend's wife wept upon his grave.

Always the modern teachers seem to be standing closer by the forms of things. As if one could be eloquent who has nothing to say; as if one could move the heart and stir the intellect with well-spelled words and rhetorical periods that mean nothing; as if one must be generous and gentle and loving because he can recite an hundred lessons from the Bible; as if one must be a gentleman because he has fine raiment; or a lady because one does not work!



IN SPOTLESS TOWN

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

Ideal Conditions

DAYTON, Ohio, some years ago, appropriated to itself the name of Spotless Town, taking the title from a well-known series of advertisements of a popular saponaceous article. And the little city on the purling Miami lived fairly well up to its nickname for a time. Indeed, Dayton seems to fulfill the conditions of an ideal town recently depicted by Bishop Spalding, of Peoria. That prelate said the ideal town was a city of between 40,000 and 60,000, in which the competition and general strenuousness of large communities had no place. Dayton has about 100,000 inhabitants. There are many rich people in the city. There are no desperately poor people. There is a fine manufacturing interest in the city and its commercial interests generally are substantial and successful. It has at least one concern of world-wide fame. The city has been beautifully laid out, is paved in a manner and to an extent that puts some of the great metropolises to shame, is dotted over in almost every section of a wide area with pretty homes, is governed by a set of city officials in whom the people have confidence and for whom they have respect. It is a cosmopolitan small town. The people have metropolitan airs and ways. Everybody one meets seems to be aware that there is something doing, and there's nothing to indicate that you're not in a big city except the prevalence of the banal *Cincinnati Enquirer*. The town has its Sealskin district that is quite imposing and emphatically assertive of the Irishman's dictum that "thim rich people do have money." It

even has a Tenderloin district of respectable, or, perhaps, one should say, disreputable proportions; saloons in plenty and some of them sumptuous, a bucket shop or two, migratory crap games here and there, a street car system that everybody kicks at, gas companies ditto, banks bulging with money, a crackjack fire department, a police force excellently administered by "Jack" Whittaker, but ridiculously inadequate to the needs of the town, a high school which, architecturally, puts the St. Louis structure to shame, a public library building in a pretty little park, that is a delight to the eye, and it has the Soldiers' Home, the latter being the show place of the town. A man from a big city could live in Dayton, Ohio, without half trying, without ever discovering with a sense of regret that he was cut off from civilization. 'Tis a natty town, with a natty population, and I do believe that the men on the streets of Dayton are better dressed, more in the line with the latest in "the cut of the jib" than the men in St. Louis or Chicago. The place is "smart" in every particular. It has a "smart set" that isn't afraid to separate itself from its money, that goes in for fine horses and rigs, for gaudy devil-wagons, and for fine raiment in abundance. There isn't a more satisfyingly typical American town of the smaller sort, not even except Detroit. It has a bunch of good newspapers, even though the place is only an hour and a half's ride from Cincinnati; it boasts one sky-scraper and has a group of county buildings rather imposing in style, while its city building is such as to cause the occupants to feel that they are merely a side show to a market house. The hotels are managed in accordance with metropolitan needs, and the Dayton Club is an institution that appeals to anyone with the clubbable instinct so much appreciated by Dr. Johnson. Every Daytonian is proud of his town. It's the nicest, neatest town on earth, now, he says, and it's going to be the leading town in Ohio in the future, distancing both Cincinnati and Cleveland in the race for supremacy. If you can get away from Dayton without succumbing to the Daytonian enthusiasm and investing something in the place, you are a miracle of self-control. And they say that there is a charm about the social conditions in the city that renders it impossible for anyone who has felt it to escape. The citizens and the papers agree that "Dayton is universally admitted to be one of the most beautiful, prosperous, progressive and enterprising cities of the country," and the visitor, after knocking about the place for two or three days, is forced to admit that this assertion is supported by the general impression the place makes upon him. The exploration of the town reveals an extent of improved streets that is convincing as to the public spirit of the inhabitants. They must like to be taxed, but, then, the evidence is multitudinous that they have got something for the money they disgorge in taxes. The city wears a general aspect of neatness and comfort that no one can resist, and this neatness and comfort are not in the least incompatible with a wide range of business activity. Dayton is to be a metropolis, in its way, in the very near future, because it is the natural center of a great interurban system of electrical railways. Indeed, it is so situated that it is to be a focus for the electric roads from a number of cities, and a movement is afoot to establish one grand central terminal depot for those railroads, in order to do away with the small and insufficient waiting rooms scattered in various parts of the city. The proper care of this interurban electric traffic will mean millions of passengers and an enormous trade to the city every year. A look at the map will show the rationality of this argument. There are enough towns tributary to Dayton and reachable by electric roads to make that city another smaller Chicago. This matter is now being agitated and early results are looked for. Daytonians believe that the interurban electrical roads are

the key to their town's great future and they are going to open up that future in little or no time.



State-Control Evils

DAYTON has been well advertised throughout the country as almost an ideal town. There are signs everywhere that the advertising was justified, but there are signs, too, that there has been some sort of a "let up" or "let down" in the administration of the town. It isn't Spotless Town to-day. It is in some respects and in some quarters in the first stages of "going on the bum." It is dustier than Chicago or St. Louis. The dust is penetrative beyond the power of any other dust I have ever known. There is no sprinkling that you can notice and the streets are going to the bad in many quarters. The Daytonian who takes you out driving does almost as much apologizing for the streets as you have had to do in the past for St. Louis streets. The streets have seen better days, but just now "there's nothing doing." Spotless Town is becoming as spotted as a coach-dog. Why? Oh, just politics—the same old trouble. The city was getting along nicely until a judge of the Supreme Court, in order to knock out a Tom Johnson bond issue, in Cleveland, declared that the enactments of the legislature for cities divided into grades and classes were all unconstitutional, because they were special legislation for special towns, even though the towns were not specified, but were designated as cities of this or that grade of this or that class. The Supreme Court knocked out Tom Johnson's bond scheme, but it threw all the city governments into confusion. It made it plain that about everything the cities had been doing was being done illegally, that hundreds, perhaps thousands of officers were holding places that were not warranted by law, that public improvements could only proceed under laws which the Supreme Court opinion sweepingly nullified. Public work stopped. Officials not knowing "where they were at," didn't want to be responsible for granting further contracts. Improvements came to a sudden standstill, and in Dayton the authorities could not see that they could mend a hole in a street, according to law. The holes increased in number, in width, in depth, and the once smooth streets became leproously unsightly. And that's why Dayton just now isn't Spotless Town. There are too many officials who don't know whether they're in office or out, and there is such general doubt as to the exact status of things generally that everybody seems justified in imitating the redoubtable Cronin, of St. Louis, and "doin' nothin'." When the Supreme Court knocked out the old city classification, it had to provide another, and so it established but two classes, cities and villages, the former with 5,000 population and more, the latter with less than 5,000. Then a new municipal code was hastily jammed through the Legislature. This code turned the old code topsy-turvy; changed appointive offices to elective, elective to appointive, gave Mayors a veto power, gave Governors the right to appoint officials when Councils would not confirm Mayoral appointees, set up partisanism in office where there had been non-partisan administration before, and *vice versa*, and, as a Dayton politician told me, "played hell generally." Nobody understands the new municipal code of Ohio: that is, nobody understands it as anyone else understands it. There are as many interpretations as there are interpreters. Then, there are whole rafts of new officials, with practically no experience, elected to put this code into effect. There is in the code too much machinery for some cities; not enough for others. Fifty-seven Ohio municipalities have, within a week, dropped an old system of administration and taken on a new method, and that means that the officials of fifty-seven cities are in a state of bewilderment, befuddlement, razzle-dazzlement from which they will not be extricated for Lord

knows how long. But it will be a picnic for the lawyers, with their ousters and injunctions and other proceedings. The contractors are dubious about the security of their pay. The tax-payers don't know exactly how the change is to effect taxes. The officials don't like to lead off in doing things when all old precedents have been abrogated. In the smaller municipalities, the taxes will be unreasonably increased, and already the new code has been discovered to harbor evils as bad as, if not worse, than those which were supposed to have been entrenched in the code that was cast aside. Amendments to the Constitution to straighten out the new code are already being suggested. The new code has to be changed and the change will have to be made by the Legislature, and the people of Ohio, like the people of other States, tremble when they think of the possible consequences of further legislative meddling with the subject of the administration of municipalities. It is safe to say that it will be some time before the kinks and knots in the new Ohio code will be unraveled, and that there will be many complications tending towards a long delay in the prevention of needed public work in even such a progressive city as Dayton. All of which shows that it isn't a good thing for a Supreme Court to decide constitutional points with the eye mainly upon the chance to put a man like Tom Johnson, politically, "to the bad." Judge Shanck's decision would hurt the Republican party in Ohio if anything could hurt it, because it has "balled things up" in every city and has affected the money interest in various ways. One might think that, this being the case, the feeling upon the matter would revert to the credit of Tom Johnson, but such is not the case. The people are mad at Johnson, too. They say that if Johnson "were not such a damned fool," the Supreme Court wouldn't have felt called upon to decide as it did decide. Johnson isn't the "joss" in the rest of Ohio that he is in Cleveland. Generally speaking, he is rated as being about on a par with "Golden Rule" Jones, of Toledo, who has been four times elected to the mayoralty of that town, in spite of all possible combinations of opposition. Johnson doesn't march in his own band and toot a horn, and he doesn't stand on his head in a park to show how well he could perform such a feat, as Jones did, but Democrats and Republicans seem agreed that they are equally noble brothers, both wealthy, both "stuck on themselves," both "buggy," both successful because they amuse the people while making war on prevailing social conditions. In Dayton, there is such a mass of wealth, so much high-class business conservatism, and the condition of the working elements is so satisfactory, that there has been little sympathy for extremists like Jones or Johnson. Now, there will be less, since the antics of such men have been largely responsible for the interruption and shut-down of the work that was to keep Dayton at the foremost of American cities, "beautiful, prosperous, progressive, enterprising."



Philanthropy's Troubles

You can't visit Dayton without hearing of "The Cash" and visiting "The Cash." That is a colloquialism for the works of The National Cash Register Company. Those works are a model institution. They employ 3,000 operatives, men, boys and girls. The buildings are beautifully constructed, for ease in manufacturing, for the comfort of employes. The company is ultra-benevolent. It provides reading rooms for the employes. It has garden beds, in which employes compete for prizes in raising vegetables and flowers. It has the employes gathered together for mess. It provides the workers with intellectual nutriment in the shape of lectures. It gives prizes to employes who make good suggestions for the betterment of business. It gives the employes baths. There is no employing concern in the country that does as much for its help,

that does it along such high lines, that does it so persistently and pertinaciously. Our altruistic magazinists and lecturers have told the tale of N. C. R. benevolence and sympathy all over the earth. They have pictured it as an industrial paradise wherein work becomes not work at all because it becomes wholly joy. The lion and the lamb—Labor and Capital or Capital and Labor, as you prefer, since we don't always know which is the lamb—were here supposed to lie down together, neither inside of the other. Alas for dreams! The N. C. R. works are no paradise. There is trouble there. The Unions have gotten in their work. The Unions don't want pie, and piety, and floriculture, and lectures, and reading rooms, and baths. They want to regulate the hours of work. They want to do so much work in a day and no more, and if they get their quota done by four o'clock in the afternoon, they want to go home. They want what they call their rights, and they don't want any coddling and petting. They want to amuse themselves or instruct themselves in their leisure in their own way, not in the way that President Patterson thinks they should amuse or instruct themselves. If they want baths, they'll take them; they'll not be soused into the tubs or pushed under the showers as if they were not competent to decide when they need a bath. They don't want to be everlastingly patted upon the back; they weary of being told by the concern: "see how good we are to you, and be grateful." They don't like to be everlastingly "uplifted" with a sympathetic, condescending contemptuousness. They don't like to be asked continually to thank God that they work for the N. C. R. and to thank God thrice that the N. C. R. doesn't drive them like stevedores. They don't want to feel that they are expected always to be grateful. They object to the implied supervision of their physical, moral and mental states. They are probably concerned as much as the rest of us about their souls; but the first thing they'd like to feel is that their souls are their own, rather than the property of puttering, nerve-disconcerting persons who overdo the paternalistic act and degenerate good treatment of manly employes into a sloppy molly-coddling that excites resentment. We all know the persons who try to do so much for us that they make us nervous. We all know the man who tries to show us that he likes us until we hate him to hades and back. Well, the better class of workmen of the N. C. R. are the victims, as they explain it, of just such an overdoing of things upon the part of the N. C. R. There have been strikes. There are rumors of strikes now. There are rumors that President Patterson will sell out in disgust, or that the great factory will close down. The N. C. R. concern can't get away from the unions. The unions want more recognition than is involved in Pattersonian back-patting. They want to unionize the plant, to fix wages, to fix hours, to limit production. President Patterson will give the workers everything but what they want, and all his kindness in other things does not deter the best workers from demanding what he will not give. The "paradise" is getting to be a little "hell" in some respects. Trouble is expected to break out at any time. It's pitiful—the failure that is involved in this situation. It's more pitiful to think that, some of these days, there will be a change, that one will not see the same happy procession of young people on Brown street, morning and evening, going to and coming from the works. For the N. C. R. employes are a bright and happy-looking lot of folks. They seem to show the influence of the Pattersonian benevolence in a softened, refined manner. They look well treated. Yes, but God help us—there's the rub! They look all alike. They are institutionized. They bear a mark of sameness, even though a goodly sameness, as if they were uniformed. They have all the same kind of lunch boxes. They all seem to ride the

same brand of bicycles. They made me think, somehow, of Thackeray's and Lamb's and Coleridge's description of the Charterhouse boys in London. Something in the Pattersonian method seems to stamp upon the employes the symptoms of a spiritual anæmia. They all look to be real good folks, but their goodness hasn't got grit in it, to all appearances. There's something washed-out about their individuality, just as there's something suggestive of the reformatory or asylum in the handsome primness of the works themselves. The place looks well, but it is so spick-and-span as to be almost forbidding. One can well imagine that men of mettle would be maddened by the damnable, intolerable goody-goodness of the place, from its architecture to its philanthropic restrictions upon the workers. One need not love unionism or unionists to understand the revolt in the plant of the N. C. R. Personally, I believe that the unionists make unreasonable demands in this case, especially as to limiting output, but I don't think that union tyranny is any worse than the tyranny of a "goodness" or a "kindness" that is enforced upon employes with an implied insult in the enforcement, as if workers did anything but give value received for their money, as if employers were feudal lords deigning to be gracious unto vassal hinds and villains.



Why the Scheme Went Wrong

WHAT does Dayton think of the N. C. R. schemes of philanthropy? Dayton has watched its upgrowth for years. Dayton has been made famous by the N. C. R., almost as much as Milwaukee by Schlitz or St. Louis by Adolphus Busch. What does Dayton think? Dayton doesn't know. One-half the town seems to feel that the N. C. R. is "doing a great work." The other half of town, when you mention N. C. R., "just laughs." The working people at other concerns in Dayton talk enthusiastically of the N. C. R. method. The workers at the N. C. R.—except the girls—seem to assume an attitude of bearing patiently with the patronage of the system. Mr. Patterson addresses his employes now and then. They sit solemnly before him. Then they go out upon the street and make fun of him. The N. C. R. employes, asked off-hand what they think of the rule under which they work and live, look at you shyly and don't answer directly, nine cases out of ten. They don't seem to be satisfied that it's all right. They probably appreciate Mr. Patterson's goodness to them, but they evidently feel that there is something more needed to make their happiness complete. Business men in Dayton, that is, men with the accent heavy on business, seem to think that Mr. Patterson is building up for himself a day of wrath and that his eminent success with his invention would be duplicated in ultimate success with his employes if he would only let the people work for him and then let them alone. The preachers and men of theory in Dayton swear by the N. C. R. scheme as a revelation of the new industrial dispensation, but to do this they have to shut their eyes to the facts of internal trouble in the concern. The fact that it is freely declared that Mr. Patterson is disgusted, cannot be ignored. Neither can it be denied that rumors of a "shut down" for the purposes of "an inventory" are significant of failure somewhere. It is freely predicted in Dayton that Mr. Patterson will soon sell out. All of which means that the sentimental feature of the great business has been unsatisfactory in the extreme. To my thinking, the whole affair has a pathetically comical aspect. The National Cash Register Company has made a great fortune out of the manufacture of a machine to make men honest, or at least to prevent salesmen "holding out" or "knocking down." It hasn't been a success. The cash register is easily beaten. The makers of a machine to make men honest have tried to make people in their employ happy by a sort of machine method,

and that, too, is a failure, sufficient to sadden the heart of Mr. Patterson. For Mr. Patterson has meant well. His experiment has diminished his profits, but it has also diminished his faith, to some extent, in human nature. All his philanthropy counts for nothing as against the unions' demands that he give them a voice in the business. He wants to give the workers comforts, to better their lot. They want—that is, the more intelligent of them—to better their own lots in their own way. The eternal issue is here presented: whether we shall help our brother or let him help himself. Experience has proved that we can't help him by molding him to our ideas, that we can't lift him up by a sort of kindness that puts him at the apparent disadvantage of getting something for nothing. It's better to give him his own head, even if, now and then, he becomes cantankerous and we have to punch his head for him. Friendship between employer and employed is all right and most desirable, but in these days there cannot be friendship on any other basis than the granting to the employe of his rights. If he doesn't get what he thinks are his rights, he will not be mollified by being paternalized and petted.



Bicycles and Divorce

DAYTON is the place where the bicycle has made, it seems, its last stand. One sees more of the bicycle there in two days than one has seen in all one's travels in five years. The machine has not lost its hold as much as it has in other places. This is due, probably, to the good streets, or, perhaps, to the fact that a Dayton concern has put up and sold an exceptionally good and cheap wheel to the inhabitants. In any case, the lingering prevalence of the bike in "Spotless Town" is almost uncanny to one who has noted its disappearance in all other cities. If the city does not soon recover from the effect of the changes made necessary by the new municipal code, the streets may and will shortly go to the "demnition bow-wows," and then the wheel may drop out of use in the pretty town as it has elsewhere. Only in its lingering fondness for the wheel is Dayton behind the times. It is up-to-date in all other respects. That this is so was made plain to me when, having business at the court house, I called there to learn that everything on the docket was clogged by divorce cases. There were only, if I remember aright, one hundred and twenty-five such cases on the docket. I don't know that there's anything in the earth, air or water of the county in which Dayton is situated to produce such a profusion of marital misfits as thus indicated, but for one little county in the very moral State of Ohio, the home of the stern morality of the Western Reserve, one hundred and twenty-five divorce cases on the docket is "doing quite well."



Ohio Men and Ideas

POLITICS are dull in Ohio just now. The State seems rather ashamed that it hasn't a favorite son in the Presidential field. Of course, there's Tom Johnson, but he doesn't count. And he counts less with the Ohio Democrats since Mr. Bryan has undertaken to boost him in the *Commoner*. John R. McLean's impossible *Enquirer* seems to be making trouble by putting Cleveland to the front as a Presidential candidate in an indirect, gum-shoe sort of fashion characteristic of McLean, and taking every opportunity to give ugly digs into Bryan's political ribs, but, looking over a large batch of Ohio newspapers, I don't find that Cleveland's candidacy is taken at all seriously. Mark Hanna is the Ohio man for the time being; but Mark's greatness is evidently declining. In the first place, his prestige has been seriously impaired by his inability to cope with "cranks" like Johnson in Cleveland, and Jones in Toledo, to say nothing of his subserviency to Boss George Cox, of Cincinnati. His

recent declarations in favor of Roosevelt's renomination have been taken as a sign of weakening, although, under existing circumstances, there was nothing for Mr. Hanna to do but get in the band-wagon drawn by the bronchos. It is almost astonishing how little one hears these days of Mr. Joseph B. Foraker, who was so much of a figure and a force in Ohio and National affairs two years ago. You ask, "what's Foraker doing these days?" The reply is always, "Oh, he's making money," and there's a note of contempt in the utterance. That's what the once famous "Fire-alarm" is doing, representing corporations in the higher courts, practicing politics before the judges who are under obligations to him, even lobbying a little, it is said, in the Legislature when it is in session. Foraker is getting rich and losing picturesqueness while gaining money. He is not unwise to improve his opportunity while in temporary political eclipse behind the greater bulk of Hanna. Fact is, the Ohio idea is not very strong in the country just now, and the Ohio man is not of as much importance as he was, while even the Indiana idea and the Indiana man, who are much the same as the Ohio idea and the Ohio man, are but vaguely in evidence in the boomlet of Senator Fairbanks for the Republican nomination for President.



LOVE'S DISDAIN

BY JAMES WHITEHEAD.

OUR love is not the prating world's concern:
What right have they thy worth to criticise?
How can they hope thy graces to discern,
Who only own unsympathetic eyes?

It may be that they think thou art not fair,
And thy great goodness merely commonplace,
When, all the while, it is my pen's despair
In living lines these very things to trace.
To me thou art a being bright as day,
Fairer than Truth, if such a thing could be,
Pure as the Maid who shames the stars away,
And to her bosom draws the restless sea.

Let no one seek these merits to disprove,
Who has not seen thee through the eyes of love.

From Blackwood's Magazine



FICTION AND FROTH

SPURIOUS ART.

THERE are times when the multitude of novels upon our shelves strikes us with a kind of hopeless amazement. With the best intention in the world it is impossible to deal with them all; impossible even to mention more than the titles of many of them. This, in itself, does not necessarily imply that the production of novels is too great; but when we approach the question of selection, the implication that it is too great becomes hard and unblinkable fact. The number of novels which can stand the test of a reasonable critical standard is astonishingly small; even if we accepted the modern and, as we think, the untenable theory that the main end of fiction should be to amuse, it would remain astonishingly small, for true amusement is not often to be found in these rows of many-colored volumes. But the main end of fiction should not be to amuse any more than it should be consciously to instruct. Fiction, indeed, is an instrument of too wide a range to be brought within the narrow circle of a definition; it has all the world for its pasture, all the infinite follies and vices and noblenesses of man for theme. Yet, definite theme, point of view, individuality of presentation, are precisely the things which we find lacking in so much recent fiction. A critic whose faculty has been cultivated by much practice can run, say, through a score of novels and

find that he can divide them into three or four sections with unmistakable labels. The crop of this season's novels is raised from the seed of last season's; certain formulas are popular, and innumerable pens restate those formulas with no more variation than simple reshuffling implies. We open book after book to find ourselves confronted with the very ghosts of familiarity.

The conclusion to which we are forced is plain—many of our novelists go to books for inspiration and ideas instead of going to life. It is much easier to go to books, but that is not the way to produce work which may here and there stir a reader to actual emotion, here and there touch some hidden or sub-conscious spring of the soul. It is, no doubt, given to few writers to unveil even the smallest mysteries of the terrible and beautiful spirit of man, but it is the business of every writer to strive after the highest that is in him. He may not have much to say, but he should at least endeavor to say it well, and he should not attempt to say it at all unless from some impulsion of knowledge or temperament. This is a hard saying, but it represents the only way of art. Take up half-a-dozen of these novels at random and you will find misrepresentation blatant; misrepresentation of every class of society, misrepresentation of the most ordinary affairs of existence. It may not be conscious misrepresentation, but there it is; the servant girl stands in as impossible a light and as ruinous a perspective as the countless men and women who trail titles across the pages. There comes upon us at times a positive yearning for anything vital, anything truly and personally observed, were it only a sidling tramp or a garbage-sodden gutter.

It is well to recall now and then what Ruskin wrote of books in "Kings' Treasuries." A book is written, he said, because "the author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him; this, the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down forever; engrave it on rock, if he could; saying, 'This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another; my life was as the vapor, and is not; but this I saw and knew: this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory.'" That, it may be said, is a counsel of perfection, but it has the right spirit. If it at all consorted with the spirit of the age we should have fewer and better novels; which would not mean that the novel-reading public would go empty, but that it would have more to think about. The average novel, to put the matter briefly, is concerned neither with real ideas nor with real life; it is a comment—jaunty, or sentimental, or frivolous—upon what never existed; it is a kind of ineffective phantasm, blurred, inchoate, remote. And the tendency is to level all to this average. Our greatest, as we said the other day, are silent. The call is for leaders; of followers in every kind we have rank-and-file enough.

The jaunty manner in fiction is perhaps the worst of all manners; it seems to have the wink of knowingness, the buttonholing familiarity of the undesirable acquaintance. Above all it disguises the things that matter, or leaves them altogether out of sight. We conclude as we began by repeating that what fiction requires to-day is not a fanciful return to a fanciful nature, but an actual return to actual life. Any careful observer of the growth and development of, say, a couple of allied families will see enough human material for the making of a book worth writing. The

point is that he should approach his work with some sense of responsibility and some sense of art.

From the London Academy.



BANK CONSOLIDATION

BY L. ARTHUR STANTON.

CONSOLIDATION has struck a snag in the railroad, and, presumably, also in the industrial world, but it is still manifesting itself among the banks and trust companies, and particularly in New York City. Thus, only the other day, announcement was made that the Bank of Commerce and the Western National Bank had decided to become one institution with a capitalization of \$25,000,000. The news caused quite a stir in Wall street, and conjectures as to whether such hugely capitalized banks should be regarded as an evil or a desideratum.

In conservative classes, the opinion is held that \$25,000,000 banks are still an experiment. As one prominent financier put it, "its mission is not altogether clearly defined. That is to say, it is difficult to see how the \$25,000,000 bank is to render very much more service to the community than the \$10,000,000 institution is capable of." When the National City Bank increased its capital, some time ago, to \$10,000,000, the cry was raised that it was done for the purpose of furthering Standard Oil schemes and to facilitate the operations of syndicates engaged in trust promotion. To a certain extent, that suspicion has since been substantiated on several noteworthy occasions. It is well known that the National City Bank played a conspicuous rôle in recent monetary flurries, and, at times, had the stock exchange practically at its mercy.

Some of the great banks in New York are closely identified with stock-jobbing syndicates. They were largely instrumental in bringing about the great boom in stocks, and likewise in discouraging a continuance of the manufacture of inflated securities when financial conditions assumed a disquieting character. There are several stocks on the list which are known to be under the absolute control of men who are backed by their own banking institutions. There are Morgan banks, there are Gates banks, there are Harri-man banks and there are Rockefeller banks. Each speculative group knows where it can obtain the "sinews of war" in case of emergencies.

In view of this, it cannot be said that it is the requirements of legitimate banking which calls for the organization of banks with a capital of more than \$10,000,000. Recent consolidations in New York were, admittedly, based on the expectations of profits to be derived from syndicate operations. With the strong control which powerful banks have over the money market, it is a comparatively easy matter for them to smooth over difficulties in the path of promoters, to keep money rates down to an artificially promising level, to ward off bear operations and calamitous attacks on values, and to propagate that feeling of optimism which is ever essential to a successful conclusion of syndicate operations.

The great banks rendered effective service in organizing the United States Steel Corporation. They left nothing undone to assure success to Mr. Morgan and to make the shares of the billion dollar trust attractive to the investing public. Whether this connection with stock-jobbing operations is a function of legitimate banking is open to question, although it seems to be regarded in New York's *haute finance*. In a certain sense, Wall street and its great banks are practically one. The interests of the stock exchange fraternity are also those of the banks. This is so well known that it has ceased to attract or call forth censorious comment. The average New Yorker

does not care a continental in how many stock-jobbing schemes his banking institution is involved. He appears to be confident that nothing will ever happen, and that the banking officials will not allow themselves to be "caught napping." Occasionally, this blind confidence is woefully abused, and then there is a great scandal, which, however, is soon forgotten again, as were the recent disclosures, in the case of the Seventh National Bank, of highly blamable laxity on the part of officials in the administration of business and the issuing of over-certified checks.

Of course, the era of the small bank is rapidly passing away. Capitalization is increasing, and particularly so in the financial centers of the country. But it seems that a line should be drawn somewhere, in order to prevent a dangerous monopolizing of banking business. The bank is a vital factor in the economic household at the present day. It performs most valuable services. We would not know how to get a long without it. The people of this country have confidence in their banks. They consider them as indispensable as the railroads, and thoroughly trustworthy. And it would seem as though the managements of banking institutions themselves should find it to their interest to do nothing that might tend to give them less of a business and more of a speculative character. The closer they keep to the masses of the people, the more profitable and the more solid will be their business. The \$5,000,000 bank which does a strict banking business will always command more confidence than the \$25,000,000 bank which is anxious to accommodate stock-jobbers in their efforts to hold up investors.



AN EMPIRE BUILDER

BY LOUIS HOLBROOK.

BISMARCKOLOGY is fast assuming gigantic proportions. New books and pamphlets dealing with the great statesman are continuously making their appearance. The latest addition to this kind of biographical literature is Sidney Whitman's "Personal Reminiscences of Prince Bismarck." It is the result of several personal visits of the author to the castle in Pomerania, the year after the owner's expulsion from the office of Chancellor of the Empire, *i. e.*, in 1891. Mr. Whitman was enabled to study Bismarck at close range. His account is based on notes jotted down at dinner on his menu-card. It abounds in the concrete, and is written in a picturesque, breezy style throughout.

That Bismarck was not rich, in the modern sense of the word, is well known. His manor-houses had no splendors of furniture, bric-à-brac, livery, stabling, or gardens. At Friedrichsruh guests were commodiously lodged, as German notions of comfort go, and, as regards the table, the traditions of the host's Dragon of Wantley days, when he swallowed a hundred and seventy-five oysters at a sitting, were fairly well respected. According to Mr. Whitman, the physical strength of the man of blood and iron was, in 1891, scarcely impaired, but he had given up hunting, only firing now and then at birds with a revolver, while he seldom rode, and left the business of his estates to other hands.

His indoor amusements were smoking, reading newspapers to excess, and books a little, and, above all, protracted conversation on nearly every topic under the sun. His normal *milieu* consisted of his nearest relations, his secretary Chrysander, Dr. Schweninger, the famous "jackal," and Lothar Bucher, the eminent Bavarian portrait painter, Professor Lenbach, the Watts of Germany, also arriving at intervals as a guest.

Like many others, the author had heard of Bis-

marck's "coarseness, his violence, his brutality, his mendacity," but far from noticing any symptoms of that kind, he found that the Prince always spoke with perfect candor and moderation; he never expressed an "intense like or dislike," and his *suaviter in modo* was of an ultra-fascinating style, while his voice had a refined, sympathetic tone. These impressions were supported by the testimony of Professor Lenbach, who, calling Bismarck a blend of gentleness and strength, enlarged on the delicacy of his conversation, and said that in the course of a twenty years' acquaintanceship he had only once heard him utter a sharp word.

Bismarck was a victim, at times, of the most acute sort of melancholy. Mr. Whitman is disposed to ascribe this to the ex-Chancellor's remembrance that he had not been permitted to plod in harness in the shafts till he dropped. This feeling of disappointment and chagrin was sharpened by the fancy that he had no place in the affections of his nation, a phantom belief finally dissipated by the tremendous outbursts of popular enthusiasm with which he was greeted in Dresden and Munich, and even in Vienna. The author, in discussing the spells of intense gloom which, occasionally, settled upon Bismarck's mind, expresses the opinion that "melancholy" is a racial trait of the German, and, as part evidence of this, he contrasts the happy ending of the typical British novel with the tragical thread which runs through the Nibelungen-Saga. It seems to us, however, that Mr. Whitman's contrast-evidence does not prove anything, at least not what he imagines. For pessimism is almost as predominant in classic English as it is in classic German literature. Neither is there any good reason to believe that there is any foundation in fact for Mr. Whitman's assertion that, after his dismissal, the idea of committing suicide often presented itself to Bismarck's mind.

The ex-Chancellor's table-talk was a mixture of Olympian flashes, humor and anecdote. His conversation with his guest followed the rule of the confusion of tongues. He invariably spoke in English, and Mr. Whitman, who had been partly educated at an aristocratic German gymnasium, responded in German. For a foreigner, who had never lived in England, Bismarck had a notable command of English, and it was his wont to spice his letters and conversation with suitable English quotations. One day, he illustrated the political vehemence which, as he admitted, had characterized his personal attitude at a particular crisis, by quoting Bottom's appropriate brag in "A Midsummer Nights Dream," "let me play the lion, too," etc., in elegant, faultless English. On several occasions, Bismarck made intimations that there might, after all, be something in the theories of those who maintain that Bacon must be regarded as the real Shakespeare. "He could not understand," says Mr. Whitman, "how it were possible that a man, however gifted with the intuition of genius, could have written what was attributed to Shakespeare, unless he had been in touch with the great affairs of State, behind the scenes of political life, and also intimate with all the social courtesies and refinements of thought, which, in Shakespeare's time, were only to be met with in the highest circles." In reference to this, it may be stated that it is now generally admitted that refinement in the court-life of the times of Queen Elizabeth and James the First was honored more in the breach than the observance.

Bismarck was fond of French fiction literature. Zola was in his desk; he liked the "*Débacle*," but thought "Rome" was written in a boresome Baedeker style. Napoleon's history interested him very much, and he read with avidity the Memoirs of the quasi-novelist, General Marbot.

In Mr. Whitman's time, the Pomeranian castle was the focus of a chronic drench of choice wines and delicate eatables poured in by ardent admirers of the fallen statesman, whereby the cellars and storerooms were automatically kept well stocked. "Liqueurs came from Russia, sausages from Bologna, beer from Munich, wines from the Rhine, the Main and the Moselle, *pâtés de foie gras* from Strassburg, and plovers' eggs from Jever. There also came books in gorgeous bindings from authors, statuettes from famous sculptors, and wagon-loads of flowers, wreaths and plants from everywhere."

Bismarck, like every other great man, had also some traits of character which were decidedly displeasing. As, however, they did not prevent him from building and cementing an empire; but, on the contrary, rather facilitated the completion of his life's task in statesmanship, we can afford to apply to him Bolingbroke's words on the Duke of Marlborough: "He was a great man, and I have forgotten his faults."



THE NOTE-BOOK

BY CHARLES FOLEY.

PIERVAL and Jane, his young wife, were alone in the elegant dining-room of the Swiss hotel.

They were eating their breakfast, in leisurely fashion, like people who have nothing to do. Their wedding trip had proved disappointing. It had not drawn them together, and they were, therefore, depressed and nervous. Jane, feeling instinctively that Pierval did not love her, had become silent and timid, and thereby made him only the more dissatisfied and irritable. He had married her to gratify the wishes of his parents, who considered the pretty and wealthy girl the most suitable match for their only thirty-two-year-old son. On account of his marriage, Pierval found himself constrained to break off his illicit relations with Rosine. This he had since regretted very bitterly, although friends had informed him that Rosine had quickly found adequate compensation in other directions.

In the presence of his little wife, whose charming face was more than ordinarily pale this morning, and who only needed some token of his affection to become all his, body and soul, Pierval, foolish, unappreciative, dishonest and ingrate, thought only of Rosine, his abandoned mistress.

No longer able to endure the nervous tension and oppressive silence, Pierval, in rising from his seat, made the startling announcement that he intended to ascend the peak of Salvagny.

Jane trembled at this, and, throwing off her usual mask of timid indifference, exclaimed in a sudden access of fright:

"But the ascension is so difficult and dangerous, and there are no guides around here. I implore you to abandon this notion. . . ."

"What are you afraid of," Pierval demanded, in a voice tinged with such biting sarcasm that Jane did not venture to make any reply. "You need not be affrighted at my project," he continued, "since I do not ask you to accompany me."

Jane was deeply hurt, but controlled herself, and bravely tried to hold back the hot tears. When she had retired within her room, she gave way to her grief and cried bitterly, but Pierval made no attempt to console her. Pierval still thought of Rosine, and the *ennui* of his wedding trip.

Early the following morning, and without bidding adieu to his wife, Pierval left the hotel and began the ascent of the frowning peak. The air was crisp and eager, and redolent with the perfume of alpine flowers. Hundreds of little cascades murmured along his path,

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and far below him lay the little valley, with the nestling village, and far above him he saw the huge granite rocks and the treacherous glaciers.

Pierval experienced the intoxicating sensations of his perilous enterprise. He was now firmly resolved to cross the glaciers and to reach the sun-lit peak. The fever of the mountain-climber had seized him. On he pressed, eagerly and courageously, but without the customary alpenstock. He relied upon his nerves and muscles, the agility of his young body. He traversed the glaciers as lightly as a chamois. Unfortunately, however, while skirting a jagged cliff, he made the mistake of casting a glance into the abyss, and vertigo at once overpowered him. He lost his foothold. The snow gave way, and he felt himself sliding with ever increasing momentum. After some awful seconds, during which he imagined he heard the flapping of the wings of death, he landed at the bottom of a crevice and upon a bed of deep snow. Terrible pains were shooting through his legs, telling him that the bones had been broken. Complete despondency had seized him. He was beyond all human help. His mind began to wander, and recalled long-forgotten faces and scenes of his childhood. And then his thoughts reverted to Rosine, and the desire seized him to leave a few words for her in his note-book. Taking the pencil, he wrote, with an unsteady hand: "Rosine, forgive me for having left you. While I lived I loved only you—no one else. Even in death, you were my only thought and my only love!"

The pencil and notebook dropped from his hands. He became unconscious. The intense cold of the enveloping snow penetrated to the marrow of his bones. Utter, fatal weariness overcame him. Consciousness left him.

When he again opened his eyes, his gaze fell on the bare, rude walls of a mountain cabin. A bright fire cracked near him. He had been saved. But how? By whom? And there was Jane, sweet and pretty as ever, sitting on a footstool, close to his head. How sad she looks! Tears are trickling down her cheeks and complete hopelessness is reflected in her swollen eyes. Pierval, confused with feelings of remorse and gratitude, remembers the note-book, and anxiously asks himself whether it has been recovered. He gazes at Jane, and she, delighted at his return to consciousness, smiles most affectionately. Pierval is surprised

at the rosy color which suddenly overspreads her delicately chiseled face.

Weeks have passed. Pierval is back again in Paris and resting in a most comfortable position on his couch. The surgeon has assured him that the accident will have no ill effects, and that he could banish from his mind all fears of limping. Jane scarcely ever leaves his side. She gratifies every one of his wishes. And Pierval is thankful. He has learned that it was she who had really saved him from the bottom of the crevice. But he feels embarrassed in her presence. The thought of the note-book never leaves his mind. Did she find it? Did she read the words addressed to Rosine? He begins to love his gentle wife. He bitterly reproaches himself for having written those words, when he thought death had already laid his hand on his shoulder.

At last he summons up courage, and asks for his correspondence and other papers. Jane brings everything to his couch, including the note-book. As she lays it before him, he looks up, questioningly, into her face, but she remains serene. She only smiles. Pierval heaves a sigh of relief, and thinks: "She found the note-book, but did not read the words."

Summer has set in again. Pierval and Jane have left Paris, and taken up their residence in a modest looking villa in the heart of Normandy. Pierval is leaning on the arm of his wife and taking little daily strolls around the grounds. Jane is happy, and prettier and more winsome than ever. "What a jewel of a wife she is," Pierval keeps iterating and reiterating to himself.

One morning, after the customary walk, they sit down, side by side, on the garden bench. For some minutes they are silent. Both have come to know their love for each other. But Pierval seems troubled this morning. The remembrance of the words in the note-book does not desert him. Shall they becloud their future forever? No, he determines.

Slightly confused, he begins: "Jane, I have been very cruel to you."

"Please, do not think of that any more," she replies.

"I would like to," resumes Pierval, "but there is a secret which I have to reveal to you. I can no longer leave you in ignorance."

"But what's the good of revealing it?" says Jane,

blithely. "I am not anxious to know it. Besides, whatever it is, you have my pardon already."

Pierval insists, however, and Jane, a little troubled, listens to his confession.

"In that note-book which you found at my side, on the first page, I wrote something, before I lost consciousness, which has since become a lie, a blasphemy."

Here Pierval interrupts himself by asking Jane to get him the note-book.

Jane, now in a state of deep emotion, replies:

"There's no use fetching it. I have read the words. When they brought you back, I imagined you were dead. And then I thought that, perhaps, you had intimated your last wishes in the note-book. And so I opened it and read. Oh, Pierval, if you only knew how I suffered in that moment!"

Pierval takes her two little hands into his, exclaiming at the same time:

"But you had already forgiven me when I was restored to life in the mountain cabin. Had you not?"

"I had to pardon you," Jane replied; "for it was the secret of death which I had discovered. When you regained consciousness, I resolved not to think of the words any more. And I have not thought of them since."

Adapted from the French for the Mirror by Francis A. House.



AFTER THE REVEL

BY J. M. SEDGWICK.

WHERE the yellow crocus dies
Thrown upon the marble floor,
And the rosy ribbon lies
That my love so lately wore;
There I gather gifts to be
God of gardens, brought to thee.

Fallen flowers faint and fair,
Pallid lilies plucked by her;
Wreaths of ivy from her hair,
Smelling still of balm and myrrh:
There I gather gifts to be,
Lord of love and revelry.

"Love Songs From the Greek."

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NEW BOOKS

In these centennial days, when St. Louis is preparing for a World's Fair to commemorate the purchase of Louisiana Territory, Edmund J. Carpenter's lately published work, "The American Advance," assumes considerable and timely value. It contains ten chapters, dealing with the Louisiana purchase, the cession of the Floridas, the annexation of Texas, the Mexican cession, Oregon, the Gadsden purchase, Alaska, Hawaii, Cuba, Puerto Rico, Guam and the Philippines." From this it will be seen that the work is a study of American expansion from the beginning to the end of the nineteenth century. As is well known to American students of history, the Louisiana purchase encountered the violent opposition of many members of Congress. Even some of Jefferson's most earnest friends were dubious regarding the constitutionality of the treaty and the advisability of annexing a territory extending from the Gulf to the far Northwest. In reference to this opposition to the treaty, we read in the volume before us that "It was urged by Mr. Griswold that this treaty was unconstitutional, first, because the treaty-making power does not extend to the acquisition of foreign soil, and the incorporation into our body politic of a foreign people; secondly, because, by one article of the treaty, the ships of France and Spain were to be permitted to enter the ports of the ceded territory for a term of years upon the same terms as American vessels. New Orleans, then, for this period, was to be a favored port, in contravention of the provision of the Constitution which declares that 'no preference shall be given by any regulation of commerce or revenue to the ports of one State over those of another;' and, thirdly, because this was an attempt of the President and Senate to regulate trade with two foreign nations, a power expressly delegated by the Constitution to Congress alone." It is to be regretted that Mr. Carpenter did not see fit to give us something more than a mere historical collocation. He gives us only the facts as they occurred, and fails to elucidate and to comment in the manner of the true historian. His book is too baldly matter-of-fact like. It expounds no theory of political or historical philosophy. Like various other American historians, he lacks that penetrative faculty which lays bare the mainsprings of the actions of individuals as well as of nations, which never loses sight of cause and effect, and willingly recognizes that it is ordinary changing human necessities and primordial human passions which really underly all legislation and all history. The work under review is well bound and printed, and contains a map showing the successive historical purchases. Price \$2.50 net. Published by John Lane, New York.

Marvin Dana is the author of "A Puritan Witch," a story somewhat reminiscent of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," yet essentially original, and thoroughly readable. The characters are interestingly drawn, and the development of the romance is artistically unfolded. The customs of the Puritan days of New England are well described, and the author gives us assurance that "he has drawn on imagination only to a limited extent." In such essentials as have to do with witchcraft, he has given us only the stern realisms of fact. Mr. Dana has given us a book that should prove welcome to fastidious fiction readers. While its key-note is tragic, its denouement is rendered satisfactory, from the heart-standpoint, by the triumph of love. The volume is of good typography and neatly illustrated. The Smart Set Publishing Co., New York.

John Lane, New York, is the publisher of "Tommy Wideawake," by H. H. Bashford. While it is a story of child-life, it is more than superficially interesting even to adults. The book abounds in most excellent observations on the char-

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acter and ideals of boys, and sound advice as to the methods of suppressing the evil and of stimulating the good that is in them. It is a good book, which appeals to good minds. There is more real thought in it than one is led to expect from its title and initial pages.

In the May number of that breezy monthly publication, "The Booklover's Magazine," we note an interesting symposium on "Immortal Woman Novelists," including Jane Austen, Emily Bronte and George Sand. There is the usual spread of crisp editorials on "Men and Events," among the contributors being W. T. Stead, H. W. Lucy, Churchill Williams, Poultney Bigelow and A. N. C. Fowler, and others. There is also an authoritative discussion of the mechanism and methods of our great department stores. The current number contains many excellent illustrations. The Booklover's Magazine, 1323 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"The Adventures of Harry Revel," is the title of the latest story by A. T. Quiller-Couch. Like everything else emanating from the pen of this forcible writer, it is distinguished by crisp and clear diction and impressive character-delineation, and Mr. Quiller-Couch has the knack of writing well. He knows how to construct his plot, how to stir our emotions, how to preserve the keenness of intellectual pleasure in his readers. It is a story of deep human interest which he has given us in this volume. It is true to life. It exploits no problem. From the first page to the last, the story holds our interest. There are no dreary wastes, no boresomely long descriptive passages. Mr. Quiller-Couch's style may be judged from the following few lines, taken at random from page 108: "The face I looked into was thin and refined; clean-shaven, and a trifle pale, as if with the habit of study. A slight baldness by the temple gave the brow unusual height. About his whole appearance I know not how otherwise to describe it—which expressed itself in his deliberate way of choosing his words, as well as in his clean linen, and hinted itself in the fine lines of the mouth, now drawn back in a smile, and displaying a well-kept cage of teeth. His eyes I did not like at all; instead of soothing the terror in mine, they seemed to be drinking it in, and tasting it, and calculating the while; and he kept them half-closed, as a man might while sipping wine and rolling it on his tongue before he comes to an opinion on it." The book is handsomely bound and printed. Price, \$1.50. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"Kent Fort Manor," by William Henry Babcock, is a story most ambitiously designed, but lacking in logical sequence and marred by the author's psychological idiosyncrasies. The author's style is not above the ordinary, and the plot descends, at times, to a level of rank banality. In glancing over the pages of the book, one wonders what sort of readers it is intended to appeal to. The volume is nicely bound and illustrated. Published by Hy. T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

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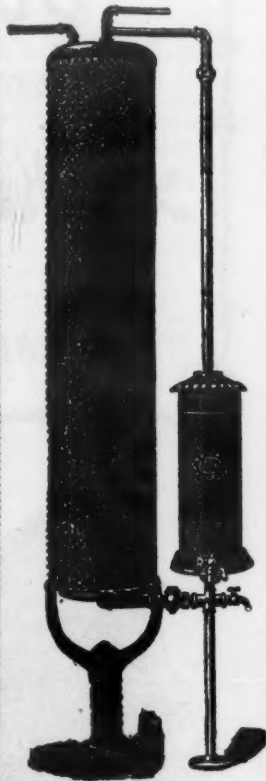
For the Annual Reunion at New Orleans, May 19-22, Mobile and Ohio agents, St. Louis and all other stations, will sell tickets to New Orleans and return at above rate, limited for return to May 24th, with privilege of extension to June 15th, 1903. Ask your nearest agent, or write Jno. M. Beall, A. G. P. A., St. Louis, for full particulars.

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BREAKING WILLS

It is as easy as falling off a log to break a will these days. Judges and juries seem to sympathize with cut-off progeny. Young men left out of the bequests of obdurate fathers go straight along with their deviltry, fully assured that they will eventually arrive at their share of the estate. Young women, cut off with a mite of an income if they dare to marry an objectionable sweetheart, hasten the wedding, become mothers and appeal to the court with a certainty of sharing father's fortune with the rest of the children.

A lawyer of note was asked what change had come over the courts that permitted wills to be so infrequently invalidated. He replied: "We hold to-day that a father and mother are responsible for the welfare of the children they bring into the world, and that no matter how bad such children may be, they must not be made a charge upon the community, but must be cared for by their parents if unable to support themselves. A recent case, for instance: A man worth some 20 million dollars cuts off a wayward son, his excuse being that the boy is incapable of taking care of himself or his fortune. By what right does that father make his son an outcast? You may safely wager that the will is to be broken unless the rest of the children agree to an equal division. Young Cornelius Vanderbilt could have broken his father's will, and would have done it if he had not married a very rich girl and his brother had not come down so handsomely. He is worth 10 million dollars to-day, which is enough for anybody."—New York Press.

PUNISHMENT

"What ails the porter?"
"His young daughter wines all the time, and he is going home to liquor."—Princeton Tiger.

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A copy of the 52-page Illustrated Catalogue of the "Four-Track Series" will be sent free upon receipt of a two-cent stamp by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

GRACE IN COSTUME

There is one quality a woman needs more than any other, if she is to wear her clothes well, and that is grace. The difficult thing about it is that it is impossible to advise people who lack grace how to acquire it. Some seem born with it. Their every movement is a perfect harmony. And others again, whether active or in repose, impress one as angular and awkward. There are exercises, to be sure, which properly carried out, give a certain degree of carriage and grace. Many an awkward girl has become a graceful actress, for this is an important element in dramatic instruction. But the average woman does not make a study of it, and to her it is a matter of instinct rather than education.

Every man admires grace in a woman more than any of her other superficial charms. Perhaps this is due to the fact that grace is the last thing a man ever acquires himself. A graceful woman fascinates at once the eye and the least inclination of her body, in the most ordinary gesture, in the ease of her walk, grace is at once recognized.

Moreover, grace is likely to carry with it an instinctive daintiness—another quality many men lack, themselves, but admire in women. Daintiness in the selection of material, in the wearing of a gown, in the arrangement of the hair, in everything external is dictated by a daintiness of mind which is still more attractive. A frowsy looking woman usually has a frowsy mind. Her desk is in confusion. Her purse, she is sure, is in the bureau-drawer, or behind the picture on the piano, or down-stairs in the lower hall. The woman of grace and daintiness may, on occasion, demand great sacrifices from her husband; but she will never try to train him to hunt trifles and lead a life of fetch and carry. Man is so constituted that he can meet large demands on his strength, his courage, his temper and his patience without a sign of displeasure, but a disordered home and curl-papers at breakfast chafe and irk him desperately. In a man's relation to woman there must always be some illusion, some romance, some concession to merely external beauty. And women are coming to realize this more and more. A young reporter of my acquaintance was recently assigned to write up the trial of a man for deserting his wife. "She wore a straight bang," was his only comment. That seemed to cover the case completely. There may have been other causes for the man's fall from grace; and yet, when I looked over some of the photographs the reporter had raked together for his Sunday page, I could not help thinking that the bang must have played some part in the domestic misfortune.—*Cosmopolitan.*



HE WAS OUT

Mother—My daughter, you should not call your younger brother "the kid." A kid, you know, is a young goat.

Daughter—Yes, mother, that's just it. Willie is always butting in.—*Cornell Widow.*



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SOCIETY

Spring and early summer weddings are less numerous this year than formerly. Nearly all the engagements announced in society since New Year will not consummate in marriage till fall. October is the chosen month for many of the smart weddings. The brides of May and early June have made of Saturday the fashionable marriage day of the week. Mrs. Herbrand Harvey, who was Miss Bessie Kingsland, set the pace which other fashionables are eagerly following.

Miss Edna Fischel, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Washington E. Fischel, announced her engagement to Dr. George Gelhorn at a luncheon given to her girl friends, last week. The marriage date is set for October.

Another autumn event will be the marriage of Miss Marie McRee and Mr.

Howard O'Fallon, who have just announced their engagement. This will be the second wedding in the McRee family within six months. Miss Marie McRee's sister, Mrs. Tankerville Drew, is a bride of but a few months.

A quiet home wedding of last week was that of Miss Anna Hunter and Lieutenant Robert Sterrett. It was arranged to take place hurriedly on account of Lieutenant Sterrett's promotion and transfer from Jefferson Barracks to Fort Walla Walla, Washington. Immediately after the informal reception, Lieutenant and Mrs. Sterrett departed for their Western residence.

Mr. Peter Stuyvesant Pilott, of New York, who is remembered in St. Louis as the husband of Dorothy Prewitt, who died shortly after her marriage to him, was married, a few days ago, to Miss Gertrude Grossman, of Washington, D. C. The nuptials were celebrated at Twin Oaks, the country home of the Grossman's.

Another wedding solemnized without much eclat was that of Miss Carrie Lee Atkinson and Mr. B. F. Steed. The ceremony took place at the bride's home in Old Orchard, the Reverend Dr. Stubblefield officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Steed are honeymooning on the Pacific Coast.

Miss Catherine Louise Bain, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Bain, was married at the residence of her parents, Tuesday, May 5, to Mr. Elliott Chalmers Bennett. Only the most intimate friends of the bride and groom were in attendance.

The marriage of Miss Fannie M. Miller and Mr. William L. Wickham took place Wednesday, May 6, at the church of the Holy Angels, the Reverend Thomas O'Reilly officiating. Miss Marie Nicolet served her friend as maid of honor. A small reception followed the ceremony.

Miss Maude M. McConnell and Mr. George Edward Quigley, of Toronto, were married last Tuesday evening at the home of the bride's grandmother, in Cabanne. Only relatives and the nearest friends were invited. Mr. and Mrs. Quigley left the same evening for their home in Canada.

Mr. Frank Haywood, another Toronto beau, was married to a St. Louis belle, Miss Ethel Wood, of Minerva avenue, at Paducah, Ky., where the bride was visiting near relatives. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. J. Sykes, of Grace Episcopal Church, and was a quietly fashionable event.

Cathedral Chapel was the scene of another quiet wedding, that of Miss Maude Hawtin and Mr. John C. Becker, which took place Tuesday evening, May 5. Mr. and Mrs. Becker departed for their honeymoon immediately after a small informal reception. They will summer in Colorado.

The two fashionable events of this week will be the marriage of Miss Gerda Luyties and Mr. Marshall Blair Prevost, of Washington, D. C., and that of Miss Barbara Blackman and Mr. Dan O'Neill. The Luyties-Prevost nuptials will be solemnized in St. Peter's Episcopal Church, while Miss Blackman's will be a smart home wedding. Mr. O'Neill will take his bride on a honeymoon to Europe.

The most notable of the early June weddings is that of Miss Myrie Kauffman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Kauffman, and Mr. Dan Hill, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ewing Hill. This will be a large church affair to be solemnized in Lindell Boulevard Methodist Episcopal Church. The invitation list to the reception at the home of the bride in Washington Boulevard, is the longest issued in many months. The Hills will take their bridal trip to California, to be absent several months.

The second of the smart June weddings will be that of Miss Daisy Aull, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Aull, and Mr. Guilford Duncan. Thursday, June 11, is the date set for this society event.

Miss Emily Catlin and Mr. Arthur Shepley have set their marriage date for

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Wednesday, May 20. This will be the smartest of the May weddings. It is to be celebrated at four o'clock in the afternoon at Christ Church Cathedral, and to be followed with a large reception at the home of the bride, in Vandeventer Place.

Face and scalp treated by massage and electricity at Fidella Cosmetic Parlors, DeMenil Bldg., Seventh and Pine.

Miss Jeanne Capen, who has just returned from New York, will remain in St. Louis only a few weeks. Early in June, Miss Capen and her mother, Mrs. George D. Capen, will return to New York and from there go to Rye Beach for the summer.

Mrs. Frank Soule, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Blackwelder, has returned to her home in New Orleans.

Mr. Henry Nicolaus, with his son and youngest daughter, will go to New York next Tuesday, to sail on Thursday, for a four-months' stay in Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett W. Pattison will sail for Europe June 3. They will be accompanied by Miss Charlotte Nelson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. O. Nelson, Miss Winifred Hadley and Miss Smith.

Miss Rhea Logan, of Chicago, Ill., is the guest of Mrs. John T. Milliken. Miss Logan has been smartly entertained since her arrival in St. Louis.

Miss Moselle Price, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sim T. Price, is at home from her Eastern finishing school. She brought with her Miss Julia Whiting, of Boston, her classmate. A number of entertainments are planned in honor of the two young ladies.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Rumsey and Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Chappell returned last week from their Mediterranean journey, begun last February.

Mrs. L. M. Rumsey is now in Rome, awaiting the arrival of her daughter,

Miss Marian Rumsey, who is one of this year's graduates of Smith College. Miss Rumsey will be chaperoned by her sister, Mrs. Stanley Stoner, on her trip abroad. Upon her return, Mrs. Rumsey will move into the Will Walker house, in Westminster Place, which she has just purchased.

Mrs. John A. Holmes, of Portland Place, entertained with a tea Tuesday afternoon for her daughter, Miss Florence Holmes and Miss Brooks, of Cleveland, Ohio, who is the fiancée of Mrs. Holmes' son, John T. Holmes.

Mrs. J. K. Van Blarcom will entertain informally every Friday and Sunday evening until May 18, in honor of her guest, Miss Louise Hodge, of Bloomington, Ill., who came down here for the Dedication exercises.

Miss Anna Koehler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Caspar Koehler, has been invited by General Manager Winchell, of the Frisco road, to bestow her baptismal name upon a new town in Texas, where a station of the road was located. Miss Koehler accepted the sponsorship and will do honor to the dignity of her position. Early in June she will be the honoree of a party of travelers, who will inspect the new town on their way through Texas in Mr. Winchell's private car. Mr. Adolphus Busch, when he heard of the christening, promised to give it a big boom in compliment to his pretty townswoman.



"I have been everywhere," said Diogenes, as he wearily set his lantern down, "and I haven't been able to find an honest man." Diogenes should have lived in this era. We could direct him to a place where everything is exactly as represented: to Swope's shoe store. Swope's shoes are best in fit, finish and durability. Swope's is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

MUSIC

DUSS, DELSARTIAN AND DANCER.

"Duss is the conductor of the Century." Thus the press agent in the programme book of the concert given by the Metropolitan Opera House orchestra, under John S. Duss' direction, with the assistance of Mme. Nordica and M. Edouard de Reszke. The sentence to read correctly should contain the little word "worst." In the same enthusiastic tribute to his employer's personality and attainments the press agent lays particular stress on his "magnetism and grace." The first named quality was not revealed to the St. Louis public; "grace, however, was displayed in a gliding waltz executed on the conductor's stand during the performance of the "Beautiful Blue Danube," and many Delsartian gestures. Duss' bow is a wonder. And when he turns his back on the orchestra and waves his baton at the audience, his head bent to one side in bird-like attitude, he is indeed unique. Grace? Why, nothing like it has been seen outside the first line of a Grand Opera ballet. But perhaps the most marvelous thing about this wonderful conductor, is that he can make his orchestra play better when he is gazing triumphantly at the back rows of the balcony, than when he gives them his attention.

The programme was distinctly for those back rows, and the great Duss announced additions and changes—in almost unintelligible Pittsburg patois—that stirred the occupants of these rows to a frenzy of enthusiasm. Liszt's "second Rhapsodie," Gile's "Loin du Bal" and Strauss' "Pizzicati" were among the most popular numbers.

A fine concertmeister and competent players prevented bungling.

Madame Lillian Nordica aided and abetted the daring Duss by singing an aria from "Trovatore"—Mr. Duss pronounces it "Travator"—Gounod's "Ave Maria," Rogers' "At Parting" and Grieg's "Im Kohn." The great prima donna was not in good vocal condition, but her graciousness atoned for many defects in her work.

The encore microphone was rampant, and "Brother Edouard" gave four after a villainously sung aria from "La Juive." Any unfortunate local basso who would have sung this aria like the famous basso "rendered" it, would have been dismissed with a few perfunctory "hands." The famous basso, in order to satisfy public clamor, sang "The Palms," the "Porter Song" from "Martha" and two additional operatic numbers.

Duets by the famous soloists were diverting.

Mr. Romayne Simmons played several encore accompaniments on the piano. His work was the artistic feature of the concert.

PIERRE MARTEAU.

FOREST PARK HIGHLANDS.

The popularity of Forest Park Highlands as a summer resort was demonstrated last Sunday afternoon and evening, when the place was packed as it was never before. All records in Hopkins Pavilion and throughout the grounds were broken, even doubled at their highest figures. The entertainment offered this week at the Highlands is first-class. Ada Arnoldson is a high-grade singer, who might pursue grand opera with profit, if she were so inclined. Her ballad-singing is quite enjoyable. The comedy turns on the programme, offered by Hayes and Healy and the Imperial Quartette, make things lively after Liberati's band music has been digested. The concessions of latest device are the Cave of the Winds, the Laughing Gallery, the Airship and others, but they seem unable to destroy or to even interfere with the popularity of the scenic railway which carried an army of people last Sunday.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Miss Millie James has made a great hit with her charming play, "The Little Princess," at the Olympic Theater.

She is drawing big audiences. She makes something out of her role that appeals strongly to our affections, to the human that is in us. "The Little Princess" will stay with us for another week, commencing Sunday night. Instead of a Wednesday matinee, there will be a special matinee on Friday, and, of course, the usual Saturday matinee.

Couturier and his band of fifty soloists will give their first concert at Delmar Garden Sunday, when that popular resort will open its gates to the public for the season of 1903. There will also be plenty of amusement around the aqua-rama, steeplechase, scenic railway and all up and down "the pike" with its score of novelties. Especial attention will be paid this season to the restaurant and refreshment service, and visitors, not only to the garden, but to the World's Fair Grounds, will find it to their advantage to lunch and dine at Delmar. The band concerts will be given in the pavilion afternoon and evening.

The "Utopian Burlesquers," at the Standard Theater, this week, are playing to large audiences. The chorus girls in the farce, "The Magic Hat," do clever and effective work. They are well coached and some of them are very pretty. The olio features are excellent. Charles E. Foreman possesses a rich, resonant tenor voice and succeeds in eliciting rounds of well-merited applause for his really finished rendition of a number of tuneful selections. Madden and Jess contribute a deal of fun to the evening's entertainment, and, all in all, it's a good bill the Utopians are presenting. Next attraction, "Miss N. Y. Jr."

A MYSTERY SOLVED

Until recently Photography was considered a mystery, and the word Photography was associated with a dark room and a lot of ill-smelling chemicals and other appliances which made the art a very costly as well as a very difficult one to follow. But the increase of the use of the Kodak and Camera in the past few years has been so great among all classes of people that one no longer imagines that to be an amateur photographer one must be gifted with the talent and be an expert chemist in order to take and finish first-class pictures. This assertion is borne out by the fact that almost daily one can meet in most any city, village or little hamlet a person with a Kodak or Camera, who is ready to snap at anything. And it is not confined to the rich or grown people, as quite often school girls and boys are seen taking pictures, and to see the good results that these children obtain one would be mystified and would wonder how it was possible for them to do so, but this art has been so simplified that it is no wonder so many people are Kodakers and are fond of carrying a camera with them wherever they go.

The Kodak and Camera manufacturers have kept astride of the times and have realized that in order to make their goods popular with all the people they must construct their wares devoid of all complicated parts and appliances, and how well they have succeeded is shown by the fact that any person of average intelligence can handle a camera and take first class pictures without any instructions. To see how much this art has found favor among the public one must spend a few moments in the establishment of Erker Bros.' Optical Co., at No. 608 Olive street, and see the throng of people who are constantly streaming in and out of their Camera and Photo Supply Department with a smile on their faces and a happy look, and are thinking only of the pleasures of life and can see only the bright side of living, being happy through owning a Kodak.

Any person with an observant mind may watch and see the happy look of the young man who has snapped the picture of his sweetheart and has brought it to be developed and finished. She is all impatience and would have it done at

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Moral: Don't try to be happy without a KODAK.

Widow (tearfully): Yes, my daughters are now my only resources. Fried: Take my advice, and husband your resources well.

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D. Crawford & Co.,

Washington Avenue and Sixth Street.

RIGHT VS. MIGHT

BY HARRY COWELL.

"Force and right are the governors of this world; force till right is ready." This is how Matthew Arnold translates a thought of Joubert's. And he adds, with significant italics: "Force till right is ready; and till right is ready, force, the existing order of things, is justified, is the legitimate ruler."

A pretty apology, this; a new and neat disguise for Pope's infamous fallacy, "Whatever is, is right"—that doctrine for dullards and sluggards. How facile a rejoinder it puts into mindless mouths: "But, my dear fellow, right is not yet ready for us, nor we for it; therefore is force still the legitimate ruler." Injustice has the argument by heart. Thus is the day of right deferred. But, alas, Death is not so easily put off. Is it not high time to make ready for right—right the legitimate ruler; time to depose force, the usurper? The old right was might; but Right shall be the new might; man shall recognize it as his king, and the old might shall minister unto it.

In the year 1893, the large-minded Huxley—a man who could say many a word at once new, true, and beautiful; a man beside whom Darwin felt himself a babe in brains, and Lyell himself an infant in intellect—gave what is known as the "Romanes" lecture, choosing for his subject the rich theme of "Evolution and Ethics" and handling it with a result remarkable alike for its intellectual and moral power and its literary perfection. There that giant of thought flung himself against the fallacy, then and still prevalent, that the discovery of Darwin gave the support of the constitution of things, and therefore moral support, to the doctrine that might makes right; and it is almost pathetic to see him, that high priest of precision, that apostle of accuracy, that ideal talker, whose speech, (to borrow from our beloved Stevenson) "corresponded and fitted upon the truth of fact—not clumsily, obscuring lineaments, like a mantle, but cleanly adhering, like an athlete's skin;" it is, I say, almost pathetic to see him, for the first and last time in his life, forced beyond the limits of the facts by the fury of his indignation against such a misuse of the great theory of evolution which he himself had done so much to establish. Here is how he puts his foot down:

"Cosmic nature is no school of virtue, but the headquarters of the enemy of ethical nature." And again:

"Let us understand, once for all, that the technical progress of society depends, not on imitating the cosmic process, still less in running away from it, but in combating it."

Cosmic nature is ruinously red in tooth and claw, but it is not cruel. It is non-moral, an-ethical; neither good nor bad, but indifferent. Right and wrong are no concern of nature's. In the cosmic process might may mean survival, but it connotes no right to survive. Nowadays the world is well aware of this and is so far ready for right. Even in war, where we copy the cosmic process most closely, we feel the need of deadening our consciences with the anodyne of "Divine intention."

Nineteen hundred years of Christianity co-operating with other forces have so changed the mental and moral outlook on life that to-day civilized nations must needs shoot against the light, and the recoil of the cannon deals death-blows to the characters of the men behind the guns. The momentum of their animal and militant past forces modern peoples into the making of war despite the protests of head and heart. The savage feared what was unknown to him, and hated what he feared. All men but those of his own tribe were unknown to him; he feared them, he hated them. But culture is conquering ignorance, fear and war. Even seventy-odd years ago, when Macaulay, for the furtherance of "just principles," wrote his noble essay on "The Civil Disabilities of the Jews," the

world was much further away than it is at present from that ideal state of tolerance that passes so imperceptibly into appreciation. When Washington Irving visited Walter Scott, the latter's countrymen looked on the French as barbarians; now, to the native of Edinburgh, the Parisian is but as a Scotchman who speaks French. The speech of men from overseas is no longer "bar-bar" to us. Distance-destroying science is bringing together and making as one Man whom impassable mains and mountains had parceled into men. Propinquity is the mother of sympathy, and sympathy the mother of morality. The cosmic process and the ethical process are here to co-operate, converging toward the goal of aggregation. A world-wide whole, with nations for units—nations specialized according to their several peculiar aptitudes and the natural resources of their habitats, and so mutually dependent as to make war practically impossible.

Day by day the socius is growing more self-conscious, its now examined life becoming more purposive; sometimes tomorrow it will learn to walk in the pleasant ways of wisdom, to pursue her paths of peace, to recognize Right's right to reign.

Meantime, to be sure, we will feel as heretofore the hard hand of Heredity, that "Nemesis without her mask . . . the only one of the gods whose real name we know." The harsh voices of our brutal forbears will speak at times through our milder mouths, to our infinite astonishment and terror. Our

KODAK PLEASURES

Are within the reach of everybody. If your purse is slim we can sell you a BROWNIE KODAK for ONE DOLLAR and guarantee that you can take good pictures with it. If you want to spend more we can show you the most complete line of Kodaks and Cameras ever seen in St. Louis at POSITIVELY THE LOWEST PRICES. We are the Headquarters for Fresh Films, Plates and Photographic Papers, and carry in stock every size of the old reliable EASTMAN FILMS, whose superiority the test of time has proven.

OUR ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE is still in progress. The success of this sale has been phenomenal, but we have still a few choice bargains left, among which are:

WONDERFUL BARGAINS IN SUPPLIES.

TELE. PHOTO POCO—Size 5x7; 1902 model. This is a style of Camera that has won deserved popularity; its general utility, ease of manipulation and its adaptability to a wide range of work are all factors in its success. Regular List Price \$35.00. Our Clearance Sale Price \$24.00.

CENTURY MODEL F.—Size 5x7; 1901 model. A compact long focus instrument, containing all improvements. Regular price \$34. Our Clearance Sale Price \$22.50.

IMPERIAL MAGAZINE.—Size 4x5. Regular price \$8.00. Our Clearance Sale Price \$4.50.

PON PREMO NO. 6.—Size 5x7. 1902 model. Especially fitted for landscape work, interiors and architecture, it represents the best product of human skill and is made of selected material. Regular list price \$42. Our Clearance Sale Price \$28.00.

SNAPPA CAMERA.—Size 3 1/4 x 4 1/4. 1902 model. This is the most marvelous invention that has ever been made in photographic appliances, reloads in daylight very expeditiously and is complete in every particular. Regular list price \$25. Our Clearance Sale Price \$17.00.

A first-class Film Camera with Meniscus lens; high grade shutter, handsome nickel fittings, covered with genuine seal grain leather. Our Clearance Sale Price, Size 3 1/2 x 3 1/2 \$2.00, Size 4x5 \$3.00.

VIEW CAMERA.—5x7; with single achromatic lens; one plate holder and carrying case. Our Clearance Sale Price \$6.00.

FLASH LIGHT CARTRIDGES—Each cartridge sufficient for one exposure. Sale price, per cartridge 2c.

ELECTROSE TRAYS—Size 4x5. Regular price 25c. Our Sale Price 10c.

CARD MOUNTS—Regular 10c, 15c 20c and 25c per dozen cards. Our Sale Price, while they last, per dozen 5c.

WOOD NEGATIVE RACKS—To hold 24 photos. Regular price 25c. Our Sale Price 12c.

DARK ROOM LAMPS—A well made and ventilated oil lamp. Regular 75c value. Our Sale Price 25c.

BRASS FORMS—To trim all sized photos. Regular price 25c. Our Sale Price 15c.

ERKO TRIMMING OUTFIT—This outfit contains 12 steel cutting forms and two trimmers, one swivel and one straight. Our Sale Price for complete outfit 90c.

TRIPODS—Rochester folding and sliding. Regular \$3.00 value. Our Sale Price 85c.

WIRE PICTURE RACKS—For holding photographs. Our Sale Price 12c.

IMPORTED GERMAN TRANSPARENCIES—Size 12 by 17, artistically colored, beautiful landscapes and others views. Regular price \$4.00. Our Sale Price 1.50.

GOLD CHLORIDE—15 grain vials, full weight. Sale Price 45c.

TONING SOLUTION—Full quota of gold, for solio and all gelatin papers; 4 oz. bottle, regular price 25c. Our Sale Price 9c.

FLASH POWDER—Finest imported Flash Powders, put up in air tight tubes. Per tube 18c.

DEVELOPING SOLUTION—For plates, films and developing papers; 8 oz. bottle, full strength, regular price 25c. Our Sale Price 15c.

M. Q. DEVELOPING TUBES—For velox, dekkol and bromide papers. Regular price 10c. Sale Price 3c.

ACID FIXING SALTS—For velox, dekkol, bromide papers, plates and films. Regular price 7c.

CYCLE PRINT ROLLERS—Japanned handles, cushion rubber roller. Regular price 15c. Our Sale Price 5c.

PRINT TRIMMERS—Fine hardwood, highly polished trimmers, tempered steel blade, No. 0 to trim prints 4x5. Regular price 40c. Our Sale Price 29c.

No. 1 A to trim prints 5x7. Regular price 60c. Our Sale Price 39c.

TRANSPARENT PHOTO COLOURS—To color photographs, carbons and half-tones. Box of eight colors, including camel's hair brush and complete instructions. Regular price 40c. Our Sale Price 20c.

PHOTO ALBUMS—Regular \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00 and \$6.00 values. This broken lot of squeeze albums, while they last, at 90 cents each. Our gem albums made of the best melton card board, handsomely lettered, will hold 32 4x5 prints. Our Sale Price 8c.

FOCUSING CLOTH—Regular 50c value. Our Sale Price 25c.

PHOTO PASTE BRUSH—One-inch bristle paste brush. Our Sale Price 3c.

OUR DEVELOPING AND FINISHING DEPARTMENT will do the work for you in the most satisfactory manner on short notice. Prices reasonable.

Latest Kodak Catalogue free upon request. Mail orders accompanied by cash find prompt attention.

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608 OLIVE STREET.

Country Homes in the Ozarks

I own and offer for sale more than 50 pieces of choice residence property in Sullivan at extremely low prices; beautiful building lots, each 50x140 feet, for \$95 cash, \$100 time; certificate of title with each lot; a substantial 2-story frame house, 6 rooms, 3 closets, 2 porches, lot 100x132 1/2 feet, price \$1000; a nicely built 2-story frame cottage, 6 rooms, 2 halls, 3 closets, pantry and good cellar, lot 100x125 feet, prettily located on a high and commanding position, opposite the Gen. Harney mansion, for \$1200, and a handsome frame residence, containing 7 rooms, reception hall, observatory, conservatory, several closets, 2 porches, pantry and cellar; house cost \$1750 to build; lot 100x125 feet, for \$1500; reasonable terms will be given upon any of the above described property; Sullivan is a pretty and progressive town on the Frisco R. R., 68 miles, less than two hours' ride from St. Louis; altitude 1000 feet; an excellent place for summer homes for St. Louis people or for parties retired; living cheap; fuel plentiful; we are near the Meramec river with its picturesque scenery and noted caverns; good hunting and fishing afforded; a number of former residents of St. Louis have recently moved here, and are greatly pleased with their new home. Add. Joseph H. Bennett, Sullivan, Mo.

AN ECONOMICAL MAN

"I don't know," confessed the puzzled wife, "whether to have the house repapered to match my old dresses, or to buy new dresses to match the paper we now have."

"I fancy," suggested the husband, who was a quick thinker and a lightning calculator, "that we had better repaper the house."

great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers will try to work their moldering wills through us, but the wise will have an everlasting Nay for them.

Meantime, as heretofore, Pan will play his varied pipes and the old world waltz through space, keeping time and step as best she may. As of old, about the first of April, Nature will find her fools aplenty, and the love-lure beckon every living thing. The young lambs will bound atop the hillocks as to a tabor sound, and the blackbird grow him a beak of gold to sing his rival down; and man—well, man, the master, the magician, carrying climate in his pocket, is privileged to make love (or a most precious fool of himself, if you will have it so) all the year round; and I take it that this new note of man, the master, the magician, working wonders under the rule of right, will be heard more and more hereafter in thy playing, Pan, and the world move man's way as well as thine, thou good old Goat-foot!

From Town Talk.

We pride ourselves upon the originality of our Sterling Silverware designs and invite inspection and comparison. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.

A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE

Nodd—What! You are out every night until three! Isn't midnight late enough? Todd—I found when I got home at midnight my wife could talk to me, but when I got home at three, words fail her.

THE JUDGE AND DOLPH DRUG CO.

NEW DRUG STORE

LOCATED AT 515 OLIVE

TO CORRECT AN IMPRESSION.

As we mention in our public announcements from week to week articles at very low price, perhaps there are still many persons in St. Louis who think that only on the specially mentioned articles is there a saving in price. This is wrong; as there is a limited amount of space in the public press, we can only mention a small number of articles to illustrate our way of low pricing everything in our new store. We endeavor to supply all your needs at just such remarkable prices as are given here.

PATENT MEDICINES.

Quinets (cure cold in one day)15c
 Scott's Emulsion, reg. 50c39c
 King's New Discovery, reg. 50c.....42c
 Omega Oil, reg. 50c33c
 Hage's Cordial, reg. \$183c
 Hydrolene, reg. \$183c
 Maltine Preparations, reg. \$183c
 Gude's Pepto-Mangan, reg. \$183c
 Warner's Safe Cure, reg. \$183c
 Mother's Friend, reg. \$183c
 Paine's Celery Compound, reg. \$1.77c
 Sulphogen83c
 Coke Dandruff Cure, reg. \$1.....73c
 Hay's Hair Health, reg. 50c39c
 Ayer's Hair Vigor, reg. \$177c
 Carter's Pills, 25c, cut to 18c, 2 for 35c
 Eupesia, reg. 50c42c
 Hall's Hair Renewer, reg. \$177c
 Mellin's Food, reg. 75c55c
 Simm's Liver Pills, 40 pills.....10c
 Peruna, reg. \$1, cut to77c
 Pinkham's Comp., reg. \$177c

CIGAR DEPT.

10c size Preferencia at4 for 25c
 10c size Security at5 for 30c
 10c size Belmonts at5 for 30c
 10c size Niben Club at5c
 10c size King Adolphi at5c
 2 for 25c size El Deletos3 for 25c
 2 for 25c size Preferencia3 for 25c
 5c Lillian Russells5 for 15c
 Cigars sold by the box at or less than jobbing prices.

All sorts of dainty refreshments and the many mineral waters are served at our fountain in a highly acceptable manner. The location is most convenient, 515 Olive street, between Barr's cor. and Scruggs' Olive street entrance.

Have you noticed our ice cream as it is served in ice cream soda? There are no "frosty" lumps in it. We make it ourselves from the purest, richest Jersey cream obtainable. Stop in at 515 Olive street.

PEARS SOAP,9c
 Regular price 15c.....

GRAY'S

MOCHA AND JAVA COFFEE.

This fine Coffee, regular price of which is 60c, is sold by us at, lb.28c

SOAPS

Ivory Soap, reg. 5c cake, 3 cakes for 10c
 Munyon's Witch Hazel Soap, reg. 15c10c
 Glen Echo Violet Soap, reg. 15c cake9c
 Societe Hygienique Soap, reg. 50c.. 27c
 Williams' Shaving Soap, reg. 10c.. 5c
 Colgate's Shaving Soap, reg. 10c.. 5c
 Juvenile Soap, reg. 25c cake.....9c
 Shaw's Garden Bouquet Soap, reg. 10c cake6c
 Woodbury's Facial Soap, reg. 25c.. 15c
 Packer's Tar Soap, reg. 25c15c
 Sayman's Soap, reg. 10c cake 6c

Angel's Dainty Dyes, the same color for silk, wool, cotton or kid gloves. Did you ever try them? Only10c
 Diamond Dyes 6c

"DE LACY'S CIN-KO-NA AND IRON" is one of the remedies to-day that we can endorse and recommend. Every day we hear our customers speak of its great merit, and we do not hesitate to say that it is the most reliable GENERAL NERVE and BLOOD-BUILDING TONIC and CATARRH CURE we know of. \$1 bottle.....83c

1/2 lb. "cuts" finest Castile Soap.....8c

"SANURY" is a remedy that we have sold for several years, and from what our customers say who have taken it, we can honestly recommend it as being without question the most reliable remedy ever offered to the public for all Kidney, Liver and Bladder troubles; \$1.00 bottle.... 83c

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Positively the finest line of bath requisites ever shown in St. Louis.

SPECIAL LOOFAHS, regular 25c, 9c
 Cash's Patent Bath Towel, reg. price \$2.25-cut to\$1.65
 Cash's Patent Wash Rags, reg. price 50c-cut to35c
 Cash's Patent Bath Mitts, reg. price \$1.00-cut to85c
 Loofah Bath Mitts, reg. price 35c pair-cut to25c
 Turkish Bath Towels, very fine, regular \$1.75 value; cut to\$1.19
 Wash Rags, reg. 10c-special price 5c
 We have a large line of English Mandruca Sponges ranging in price from 75c to \$6.00 each.
 Also a line of Russian Rubber Sponges, ranging in price from 45c to \$2.00.

Antikamnia and Codeine Tablets for woman's pains and aches, colds, etc.; ounce box, \$1.00; dozen 20c

OUR PHOTO SUPPLY DEPT.

Is in Charge of MR. FORREST HIGH.

FILM CAMERAS

3.2x3.2 Film Camera, with brilliant view-finder; a regular \$8.00 value our price\$3.98
 3 1/4x4 1/4 Film Camera, with brilliant view-finder; simple loading arrangement; adapted for Kodak American or Ansco films; worth \$12.00—our price\$5.48
 50 4x5 Film Cameras; a regular \$12.00 value; special this week only for\$4.98

THE ANSCO AND AMERICAN FILMS

After a careful test we can safely guarantee both grades of films to be the equal of any made.
 Brownie Films, roll12c
 Bull's Eye Films, roll.....27c
 3 1/4x4 1/4 Films, roll31c
 4x5 Films, roll40c
 Ideal Developers, worth 10c, special at, each5c
 Acid Hypo for plates, papers or films; worth 15c; our price 5c
 Special demonstration next Saturday evening, 7:30 to 9, on DISCO paper. This paper prints out and tones just like Solio.

OUR FINISHING DEPARTMENT

Is equipped with all modern conveniences, and we are doing the best work in the city.
 We develop 8 Ex. Films for, roll.. 15
 We develop 12 Ex. Films for, roll. 25c
 We develop Plates for, dozen 25c
 Argo, the best developing paper, in 15 different grades—
 3.2x3.2 size, dozen.....12c
 4x5 size, dozen.....15c

STANLEY PLATES

3.2x3.2, dozen19c
 4x5, dozen29c
 5x7, dozen57c
 Seed, Cramer and Hammer Plates in all sizes.

PHOTO DEPT. OPEN SUNDAYS.

FATHER AND SON

Home-Made Son to Self-Made Father.

Dear Father: I arrived on the college green this morning. Something is wrong with my clothes, as I was made considerable fun of. Am going to get a new suit. Will send you bill. Yours.—Jim.

Dear Pa: Cut chapel this morning. All the boys do it. I am keeping away from whisky as you suggest. Have you ever tasted creme de menthe? It settles your dinner. Yours.—Jim.

Dear Pop: You are way off on temperance question. Beer is the great leveler. If we all drank beer there would be no drunkards. I got away with ten bottles last night. Dead easy. Yours.—Jim.

Dear Dad: Would you care if I got married? I was introduced to a lovely girl last night. She is older than I, but a few years don't matter. What allowance can we count on from you? Wire answer.—Jim.

Dear Father: If you have not yet answered my last postal, don't bother. Affair all off. She went back on me in most shameful manner. After all, she was only a college widow. I send bill for new waistcoats. Had to have 'em. Yours.—Jim.

Dear Governor: Can you let me have my next month's allowance? By the way, have you ever played poker? Great game, isn't it?—Jim.

Dear Dad: How is everything around the old homestead? How's Dobbin, and are the calves taking notice yet? I love the old place dearly. Send me a hundred. Will you? I'm raising a chop of peaches myself.—Jim.

Dear Pop: I've just got an invite from a chum to spend the vacation with him, so don't expect me. Say, can't you get a second mortgage on the farm, and send

me enough to buy an automobile? Yours.—Jim.

Dear Old Boy: It was handsome of you to stand by me. I send you a registered package by this mail containing ten thousand dollars, being part of the royalties on my new book, "Seeing Life." More to come. This week I marry a millionaire. But don't you mind. She's respectable. Yours.—Jim.

—Life.

Diamond and combination rings in great variety at prices as low as possible for high quality. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.

After the theater, before the matinee or when down town shopping, the

Ladies' Restaurant

OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel

has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

OLYMPIC THEATER

ALL THIS WEEK AND ALL NEXT WEEK,

Charles B. Dillingham's Production

THE LITTLE PRINCESS

By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, with Usual Prices. Seats Now Selling for balance of engagement.

Millie James
 Extra Special Matinee Friday Next. Week and Special, Prices 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. Last Matinee Saturday of Next Week.

The St. Louis Republic says: "The stage is elevated by 'The Little Princess'."
 The New York Times says: "The Little Princess is a GEM."

Sunday, May 24th, AMELIA BINGHAM.

Six High-Class

Races

RAIN OR SHINE

—AT—

FAIR GROUNDS

From May 2nd to June 27th

FIRST RACE AT 2:30 P. M.

Admission to Grounds and Grand Stand \$1.00.

ST. LOUIS FAIR ASSOCIATION,
 Grand ave. and Natural Bridge Road.

BEAUTIFUL Delma R

OPENS ITS SEASON

Sunday, May 17.

50 { COUTURIER'S BAND } 50
 TWO CONCERTS DAILY

NEW AND EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

TAKE ANY CAR.

FOREST PARK HIGHLANDS

THE BIG PLACE ON THE HILL.

Five Minutes Walk from World's Fair Grounds.

ADA ARNOLDSON,
 Third Swedish Nightingale.

HAYES & HEALY,
 Comedians.

IMPERIAL QUARTETTE,
 and others.

50—LIBERATI'S BAND—50

Admission to Grounds Free. Admission to Pavilion, 25c and 10c. Reserved Seats, 50c.

THE STANDARD

THIS WEEK,

THE UTOPIANS.

NEXT WEEK,

Miss N. Y. Jr.

OLD BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.
 A. J. CRAWFORD.
 TENTH AND PINE STS. ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE STOCK MARKET

The general feeling in Wall street speculative circles is still one of apathy and distrust. There is no pronounced desire to engage in new ventures. While bull leaders are still indulging in tall talk, and making predictions of all sorts of high prices, the average private in the ranks is not disposed to grow enthusiastic or to follow the bull flag wherever it may lead. The fact that some of the heavy-weights are going to Europe is taken to indicate that nothing like a genuine bull movement may be looked for within the next two months. It seems that the professionals are to be left in control, and that fluctuations will remain comparatively narrow and uninteresting until something occurs to set the speculative ball rolling again, either in one direction or the other.

There is at present nothing calculated to stimulate activity. The bears are lying low, and indisposed to resume the aggressive, owing to the fact that prices have been reduced to a low level and that monetary conditions are, temporarily, of a more reassuring character. The bulls, on the other hand, are determined not to do any buying on a large scale until big wheat, corn and cotton crops have become a certainty. At the present time, agricultural reports are decidedly favorable. The late cold spell has not done much damage. With auspicious weather conditions from now on, we may expect another season of bumper crops and large railroad earnings. It must not be forgotten, however, that spring wheat and corn will remain an uncertain quantity until about August, and that, in the meantime, there may be all kinds of false news and perturbative scares.

That Frisco-Rock Island deal reminds one of Finnegan's pithy and yet exceedingly comprehensive report on a railroad accident: "Off ag'in, on ag'in, gone ag'in, Finnegan." At this writing, it is "on ag'in." Wall street reports tend to indicate that it will be completed for sure this time. The deal will not call for any transfer of cash, however. Holders of Frisco, it is said, will receive Rock Island common and 5 per cent collateral trust bonds in payment, the bonds to be secured by Frisco common stock. On the surface, and in the absence of more complete information, this does not seem to be a very tempting arrangement. It seems that the Frisco pool was most anxious to "unload," yet unable to obtain better terms, and that it is in hopes chat, sooner or later, it will be given a chance to sell its holdings of Rock Island shares and bonds to excellent advantage.

The Bank of England has again refused to lower its discount rate, and this despite the fact that the proportion of its reserve to liability is now 52½ per cent. Lombard street is thoroughly mystified at the, apparently, ultra-conservative attitude of the institution, and indulging in

various conjectures as to the meaning thereof. Shrewd London observers adhere to the opinion that the temporary relaxation in money rates will soon be displaced again by severe tension. They aver that beneath the seeming optimism on the London stock exchange, there is an intense and growing feeling of suspicion. At this distance, it is somewhat difficult to judge of the true position and prospects, but it seems to me that there is more reason to be hopeful than otherwise. Barring political complications in the East, European markets should, before long, display a good deal more activity and a strongly rising tendency. If there is really a weak spot, it must be found in Paris, where quotations continue downward, owing to unrelenting pressure to liquidate, not only speculative, but investment holdings as well. As stated here last week, no one appears to be in position to diagnose the French troubles correctly.

The Bank of England's rate of reserve of 52½ per cent contrasts strangely with the small reserve rate of 26% of the New York Associated Banks. Englishmen have views quite different from ours in reference to the proper size of reserves.

The multiplication of strikes throughout the country is not liked. It evidences the growing restlessness among the working classes. It is the outgrowth of a feeling that prosperity has been, and is, too one-sided. Coming at a time when commodity prices are abnormally high, the multifarious strikes must be viewed with apprehension.

The sensational break in Colorado Fuel & Iron need surprise no one who has gone to the trouble of studying the past course of this volatile specialty. Prospects are the price will go still lower in the course of time. Iron shares are under a cloud at the present time. There are disquieting developments in the Pittsburgh market for metals. The belief is growing that insiders have been selling iron shares in stealthy, yet industrious fashion for many months. It is intimated that they have "unloaded" a large portion of their holdings of United States Steel common at 40, and above, and that this once so popular favorite will hereafter be left to shift for itself.

The bad break in United States Shipbuilding Company 5 per cent bonds furnished another straw showing which way the wind is blowing. These "securities" (?) dropped from 71 to 45, on very few transactions. Some time ago, they sold at 98. It is suspected that there are a good many more weak spots in speculative markets, and that they will all be revealed in due time. There are thousands of people holding industrial issues for which no market can be found, and which are awaiting the pruning hand of a receiver.

Rumors that the Atchafalaya contemplates issuing more bonds have caused a depreciation in the price of the shares, the common again dropping below 80. If the management is wise, it will abandon all plans of another bond issue, at least for the present. The securities could not be easily marketed. A company whose 4 per cent adjustment bonds are weak at 89½ can afford to go slow in enlarging its fixed charges, especially when it is already carrying a load that may prove distinctly uncomfortable in times of storm and stress.

The slick man will keep close to shore in his Wall street deals. This is, pre-eminently, a time for exercising the beautiful virtue of patience. Don't be in a hurry to catch every little fluctuation. Let the other fellow get the daily eighths. He may get them and he may not. The latter is the most likely.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Reports of a \$20,000,000 bond issue by the St. Louis Transit Company led to heavy selling of the shares, the common dropping to 26½ and United Railways preferred to 78½. The stock came out in fairly large blocks. At times, liquidation was so urgent that only the most persistent and vigorous inside support

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CAPITAL, - - - - - \$1,000,000.00

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Highest rates of interest paid on time deposits.

Letters of Credit and Foreign Exchange drawn payable in all parts of the world.

could prevent a sharp break. Surprise was expressed at the weakness in United preferred. As a 5 per cent stock, it must be regarded as low at current quotations. The feeling is one of uncertainty. Well-

informed brokers still insist, however, that the shares are a better purchase than sale. They may know what they are talking about, but it will require something more than mere assurance to



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FOURTH & PINE STS. ST. LOUIS



"What was your mother's maiden name? asked the curious old codger.

"I guess," said the youngster, her maiden aim was to marry pa."

Our aim is to marry you to MacCarthy-Evans tailoring. The engagement is announced when you order your first suit. Hundreds of St. Louisans are celebrating the 5th anniversary of their wedding to our tailoring.

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nevolence and Wealth and Learning and Respectability are afraid of her. Daintily bound, 10c. If you don't happen to have 10c let us send it to you anyhow.

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stop the flood of liquidation and to reverse the tendency in the course of quotations. The 4 per cent bonds weakened only a trifle. They are now selling, in small lots, at 85.

Bank and Trust Company shares show little change. A fairly brisk demand induced a rise to 129½ in Missouri Trust. Mercantile Trust is a shade lower. The last sale was made at 398½. Colonial Trust is quiet at 198, and Germania may be bought at 242. Title Guaranty is weak and being "fed out" at 90 and 91. Bank of Commerce has dropped in the bid price. There has been no sale for some days. It is now offered at 379; the best bid is 375½. Lincoln Trust remains firm at 255 and Commonwealth at 303. Mississippi maintains its price of 441.

Bonds are dull. Imperial Brewing 6s are quoted at 102½ bid, 103 asked. St. Louis Brewing Association 6s may be bought at 94½. Cotton Compress trust certificates are offered at 60. For Lincoln Real Estate and Building 6s 110 is bid.

Bank clearances, for the past week, showed a slight decrease. Interest rates are steady at 5 per cent. Sterling is strong at 4.88¼.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Subscriber, De Soto, Mo.—Would prefer letting go. The stock is pooled and difficult to sell. The earnings are said to be decreasing fast. The last sale was made at 58.

P. T. R., St. Joseph, Mo.—The last dividend on Boatmen's Bank stock was paid in December, 1902, and at the rate of 3½ per cent. The capital stock is \$2,000,000. Consider it a good investment to hold.

R. W.—Keep out of Leather common. Don't see any special inducement to buy People's Gas at present.

F. H. D., Temple, Tex.—Would sell Colorado Southern. Do not believe it will climb up to your price in this year of our Lord. The stock is much too high.

C. C. G.—Cannot recommend purchases of Wabash debenture "B" bonds at present. No dividend in sight. The company needs all its surplus for other purposes.

M. S.—If held on margin, would sell. Think it will go lower. Stock not well distributed, and not yet in strong hands.

A. A. O'B., Wichita, Kan.—Would recommend selling Kansas and T. at price named. The stock is no speculative favorite. Canadian Pacific is not attractive. New York Central should have a good rally soon.

B. F. Y.—If bought outright, would hold. Consider it a promising stock. The road is physically and financially in strong position.

Beatrice L.—Would strongly recommend keeping out of it. Surplus not very large, taking everything into consideration. If stock were such good investment as insiders say it is, it would sell at 60. It is at best a dangerous speculation.

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With its connections it is about five hours quicker than any other line from St. Louis to Los Angeles. Choice of four direct routes to California. The only line operating through standard sleeping cars. For further information inquire Missouri Pacific-Iron Mountain Route, City Ticket Office, St. Louis.

EASILY DISTINGUISHED

As a drove of horses and mules were passing down the avenue one day my sister heard her two little boys arguing the question as to the difference between a horse and a mule. She asked Malcolm what a mule was. He immediately replied:

"Why, mamma, it's a horse with a tight tail."

CALIFORNIA AND BACK, \$47.50.

May 3rd, 12th to 18th, inclusive, final limit July 15th. Descriptive matter and full information Union Pacific R. R., 903 Olive St., St. Louis.

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The Parlor and Observation-Cafe Library Car features on the Wabash trains, together with the Free Reclining Chair Cars and Dining Cars, have become widely known and very popular.

Through Cars are run between St. Louis and Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, New York, Boston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Denver, Portland, Ore., Minneapolis and St. Paul; between Chicago and Buffalo, New York, Boston and Montreal; between Kansas City and Buffalo.

C. S. CRANE,
Gen'l Pass'r & Tkt Agt.
St. Louis, Mo.

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\$15.15

United Confederate Veterans' Reunion,

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ST. LOUIS	NEW ORLEANS
Leave 7.20 a. m.	Arrive 7.25 a. m.
" 2.44 p. m.	" 11.25 a. m.
" 10.30 p. m.	" 7.55 p. m.

Through Sleeping Cars. Buffet-Library-Smoking Cars. Free Reclining Chair Cars. Dining Cars.

Full particulars City Ticket Office, 308 N. Broadway.
C. C. McCARTY, Div. Pass. Agent.

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OLIVE AND SIXTH
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VESTIBULED TRAINS LEAVE ST. LOUIS DAILY

9:00 A. M.	9:08 P. M.	2:05 A. M.
DINING CARS A LA CARTE.		

F. D. GILDERSLLEEVE, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agt.

SOMEWHAT MIXED

At a dinner the other evening Recorder Goff, of New York, told of two instances in which he heard amusingly mixed metaphors used by counsel in their addresses to juries. In one case the young lawyer for the plaintiff concluded his speech by saying:

"It remains for you, gentlemen, to say whether the defendant shall be allowed to come into this court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in

his mouth, to draw three horses out of my client's pocket with impunity."

"My client acted boldly when this fellow made the charge against him. He saw the storm brewing in the distance, so he took the bull by the horns and had him indicted for perjury."

Diamond and combination rings in great variety at prices as low as possible for high quality. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.



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SILKS

CHEAPEST IN
THE CITY.

A few of the many bargains in Silks we are offering these May days:

- 60 pieces Stripe Washable Peau de Soie and Jap Silk, all shades; sold up to 65c yard—a May Bargain for, yard.....39c
- 400 short lengths Foulrd Silk, in all shades; sold up to \$1.25 yard—a May Bargain for, yard.....49c
- 20 pieces 24-inch-wide Figured India Silk, small patterns for shirt-waist suits; 85c quality—a May Bargain for.....69c
- 23-inch Black Taffeta Silk, good to wear, rich luster; sold for 85c yard—a May Bargain for, yard.....63c
- 10 pieces 24-inch Black All-Pure-Silk Crepe de Chine; \$1.00 quality—a May Bargain for, yard.....75c

Colored Dress Goods.

Merchandise at the prices mentioned below is better value than any so-called sale has ever offered.

- Danish Cloth, the new popular cloth for waists and shirt-waist suits, in cream color—a May Bargain for, yard.....15c
- 36-inch All-Wool French Voile, popular colorings, extra good value—a May Bargain for, yard.....39c
- 38-inch All-Wool Granite Cloth, Basket Cloth and Canadensis Cloth, three specially good fabrics for shirt-waist suits—a May Bargain for, yard.....50c
- 42-inch All-Wool French Voile, an immense line of all the latest colorings—a May Bargain for, yard.....89c
- 42-inch Silk and Wool French Crepe Etamine, the dressiest fabric shown this season, in all the fashionable street and evening wear shades; a specially good thing—a May Bargain for, yard.....\$1.00

LATEST ARRIVALS, BEST VALUES IN

White Goods.

- 32-inch Shirting Madras, 20c value; Special May Bargain for.....12½c
- 48-inch French Lawn, extra quality; Special May Price.....25c
- Linen Battiste, 30c value, Special May Sale Price.....15c
- Fancy lace stripe, Pique, for shirt-waist suits, 30c value; Special May Bargain,20c
- Small Pin-dotted St. Gall Swiss, 60c value; a May Bargain for.....40c
- White Figured Shirt-Waist Da mask, heavily mercerized, 45c value; a May Special for.....35c
- 75c French Lawn, 50 in. wide, plain or mercerized finish; a May Bargain for.....50c

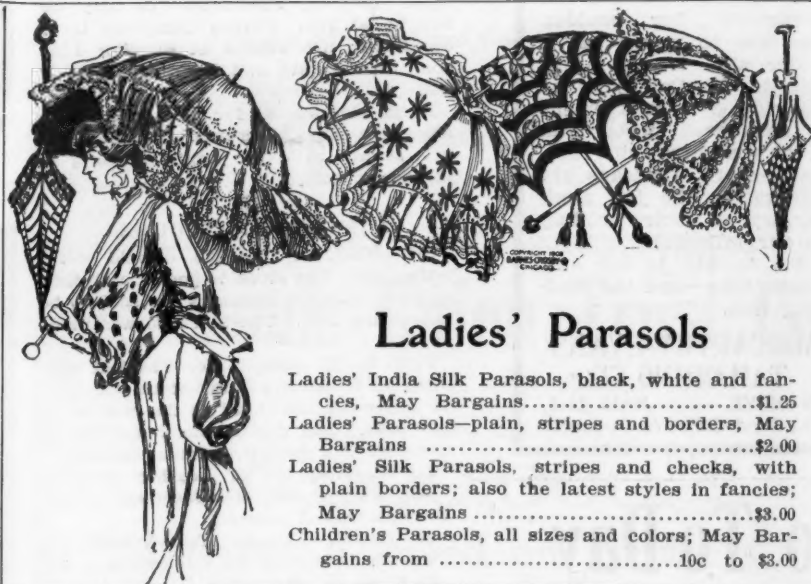


FLYER IN

Handkerchief

Department

- 200 dozen Ladies' Embroidered Initial (every thread linen); ¼-inch hemstitched—never heard of before at, each.....5c
- Damaged Handkerchiefs—50 dozen Men's Plain White Hemstitched Handkerchiefs; regular value, 7½c to 10c—choice of lot, each.....2c
- "Seconds"—300 dozen Men's Plain White Hemstitched, all width hems; worth 10c and 12½c—choice at, each.....5c
- Men's All-Linen, hand-embroidered initials, ¼-inch hemstitch; were 20c each—now, each.....12½c
- Ladies' Embroidered Scallops, also Lace Edge and Embroidered Hemstitched; were 10c and 12½c—as a flyer, each.....5c



Ladies' Parasols

- Ladies' India Silk Parasols, black, white and fancies, May Bargains.....\$1.25
- Ladies' Parasols—plain, stripes and borders, May Bargains\$2.00
- Ladies' Silk Parasols, stripes and checks, with plain borders; also the latest styles in fancies; May Bargains\$3.00
- Children's Parasols, all sizes and colors; May Bargains from10c to \$3.00

Linens. See Window.

A Tempting List
You Can't Resist.

- 58-inch Half-bleached Homespun Table Linen, the so-called Hotel Linen, very good quality; a May Special for39c
- 70-inch All-linen Silver bleached Scotch Damask, wide border and plain center; a Special for dozen75c
- 1,000 doz. 20-inch bleached dinner napkins, no dressing, pure goods; a May Special, per dozen.....\$1.49
- 500 dozen 18x36 all-linen Damask, Hemstitched Towels, figured embossed hem; a May Special for20c
- 750 extra size White Fringed Bed Spreads, some crochet and others Marseilles Patterns; a May Special for\$1.15

Wash Goods.

Ahead of All.

- 200 pieces yard-wide Corded Madapolam Madras, for shirt waists and dresses; regular 20c quality; a May Special for, per yard.....5c
- A small lot of Comfort Calico, full yard wide, the 12½c quality; a May Special for, per yard.....5c
- 300 pieces of Dimities in white and colored grounds, with designs of stripes, scrolls and figures; just the thing for spring and summer wear; a May special for, per yard12½c
- A complete line of 32-inch Imported Zephyr Ginghams, in hundreds of different styles, in all desirable colors; a May Special for, per yard19c
- A regular 35c quality of about 100 different styles, in fine Scotch Madras, 32 inches wide, white and colored grounds, with stripes and figures; a fine sheer fabric for gents' shirts and ladies' shirt waists; a May Special for, per yard25c

Embroidery Specials...

- 25 pieces of fine Tucked and Lace Insertion and Embroidered Insertion All-overs; some have 80 tucks, beautiful all-overs, were \$3.50 and \$4.00 a yard; a bargain at, per yard\$1.00
- Your choice of what is left of those beautiful Shirt-waist patterns, cost to import \$1.50, at, each.....75c
- 50c, 60c and 75c Embroidered All-overs, open-work patterns, 22 inches wide, a bargain, at yard19c
- Have you seen the big job (27 table sample pieces), Cambric Embroideries, bought at own price, from 1½ to 15 inches wide?
- 10c Cambric Edging and Insertions now, yard5c
- 12½c Cambric Edging and Insertions now, yard7½c
- 15c Cambric Edging and Insertions now, yard.....10c
- 20c Cambric Edging and Insertions now, yard.....12½c
- 25c Cambric Edging and Insertions now, yard.....15c
- 30c Cambric Edging and Insertion now, yard20c
- 35c Cambric Edging and Insertions now, yard25c
- 50c Cambric Edging and Insertions now, yard.....35c

WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.

AMBITION OF PARENTS

It has been said that when Napoleon was asked "What is the greatest need of France?" he replied, "Mothers." The world takes off its hat to the woman who has borne a child. If children could have advice in the matter of selecting their parents, long and useful chapters might be written upon the subject. As they cannot, the next best thing to do is to ask the parents to put themselves in the place of the child and do the righteous thing and act as they themselves would wish to be done by. Few realize the different strains of blood a child represents in the ever multiplying number of its great-grandparents. It is the birth-right of that little animal, your child, to be round, rosy, healthy, merry, curious, imaginative, untrammelled by clothes, not over-fond of books and school, but eager to learn about everything, easily diverted, and not too persistent in following one thought, but dashing like a butterfly from flower to flower, ready to eat everything and anything, and to sleep the sweet sleep of childhood when night comes, to make ready for another day of untroubled happiness, expansion and growth.

Few parents are pagan enough to take comfort and repose of all this, and their conscience will not give them peace until they have taken upon themselves the terrible task of bringing upon their children the infliction of "good habits." Good habits are necessary without doubt. It is a vaccination necessary to protect the little ones from smallpox of temptation and wickedness which threatens them in the adult life to come. Parents should be very sure what these habits should be, and not because of tradition and the action of their own parents, impose upon the little ones penances that interfere with the free development of mind and body. Not ambitious to see the child placed in a class at school that is beyond its years and powers, nor the companions of the child too much in advance of its years. Often the child is brought forward in company, its capacities and exploits dwelt upon before it, its ambitions stimulated in order to make the display that the admiring relatives demand, until the modesty and retirement which are an irresistible attraction of childhood have been scattered to the wind, and the disinterested beholder is filled with pity and trouble. Here, my better judgment warns me not to enlarge on this, in the presence of so many devoted and ambitious mothers, and as discretion is the better part of valor, I will ask of you to think of the many things that could be written, and will only add that no one expects Goldenrod in the springtime or Asters in June, but rather look for the Daisies and other flowers that bloom early—H. Bennett in Twin Territories.

A REASONABLE INFERENCE

"I have been everywhere," said Diogenes, as he wearily set his lantern down, "and I haven't been able to find an honest man. What do you think of that?"

"It merely indicates," answered the plain, every-day citizen, "that you have an undesirable circle of acquaintances."
—Washington Evening Star.



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UTAH AND THE PACIFIC COAST
BEST REACHED VIA THE
MISSOURI PACIFIC RY.
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\$ 9.95 BELLEFONTAINE, O.
AND RETURN.
Tickets on Sale May 29 to June 3.

7.40 INDIANAPOLIS AND RETURN
Modern Woodmen of America
Tickets on Sale June 14 and 15.

25.50 BOSTON AND RETURN
Christian Scientists Meeting.
Tickets on Sale June 11, 12 and 13.

13.30 PUT-IN-BAY, O. AND RETURN
Tickets on sale July 25, 26 and 27.

23.30 SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y. AND RETURN
Nobles of the Mystic Shrine.
Tickets on Sale July 5 and 6.

27.50 BOSTON AND RETURN
National Educational Association Meeting.
Tickets on Sale July 2, 3, 4, 5.

7.40 INDIANAPOLIS AND RETURN
Travelers' Protective Association of America.
Tickets on Sale June 8, 9, 10.

20.25 BALTIMORE AND RETURN
B. P. O. E. Annual Convention.
Tickets on Sale July 18, 19, 20.

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St. Louis.

The Mirror

The Spring Season in the Ozarks!



This cut shows the CRESCENT HOTEL. It does not, however, give one an idea of the imposing elevation it occupies, nor the inspiring view obtained from its verandahs.

The Spring climate of Eureka Springs is ideal—mild and balmy, and at the same time thin and clear. Only one night's ride from Saint Louis, via the



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SO IS
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THE FASTEST, BEST EQUIPPED,
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